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RADIO AND TELEVISION

PUNCH

SEPTEMBER

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PUNCH 1953 EDITION

PUNCH OFFICE
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(P352)



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News from every man's angle

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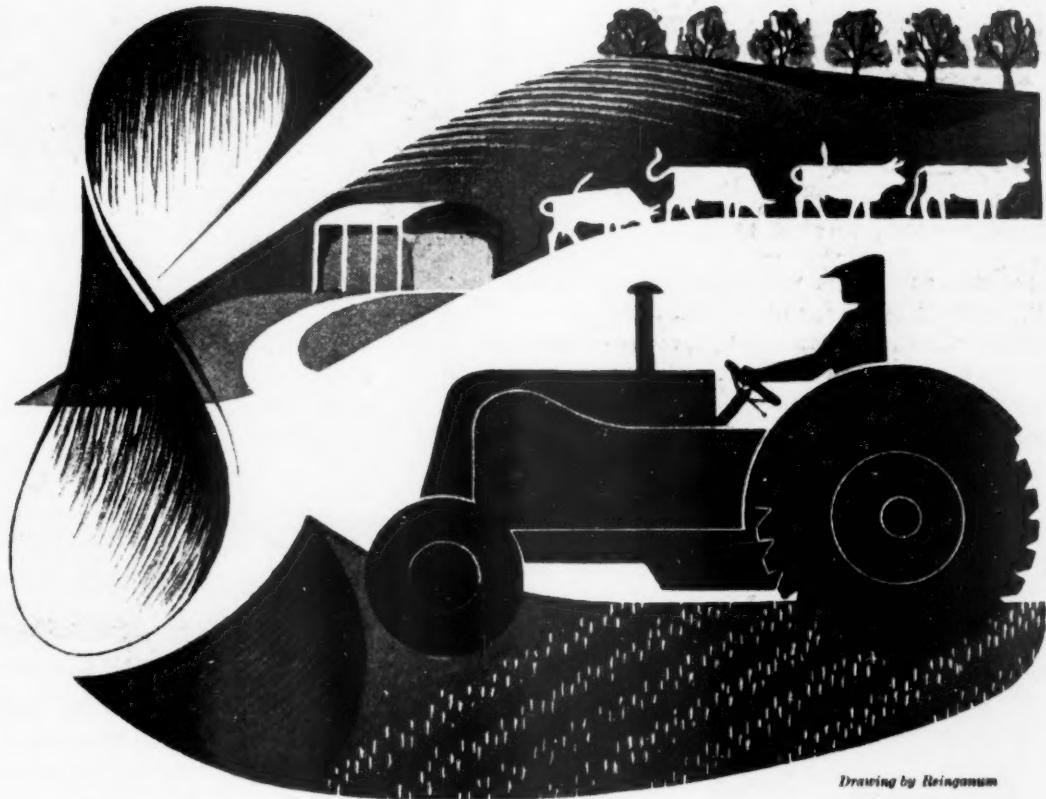
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* PIMM'S HOROSCOPES *

**VIRGO**

AUG. 24 — SEPT. 23 If your birthday falls under the sign of Virgo, the Maiden, you will celebrate it this year if not sooner. The stars indicate that you are generous to a fault, but will nevertheless keep some of the Pimm's for yourself.* Some danger from fire-arms is forecast, especially for those of you who are partridges.

* Prepare it yourself, too—like this: a tot of Pimm's, a knob of ice, a topping of fizzy lemonade, and garnish of lemon slice plus a sliver of cucumber, or sprig of borage.



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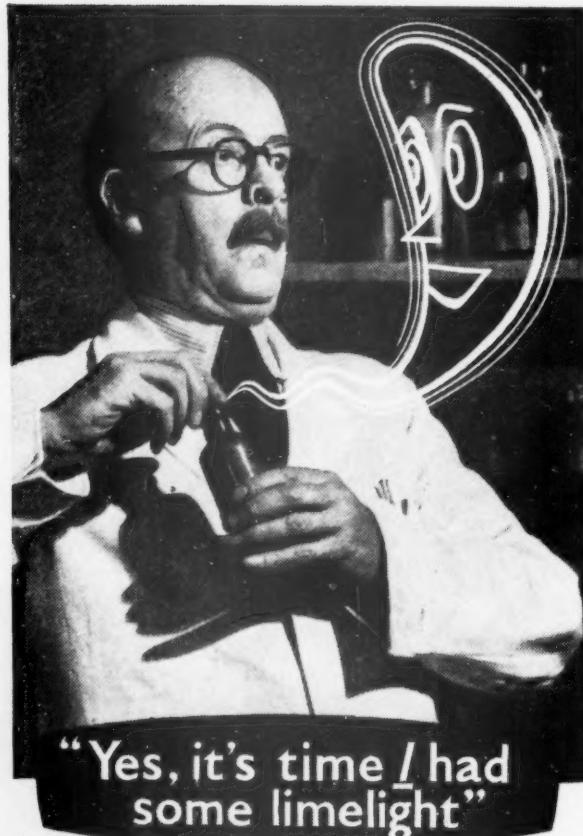
There's no need to tell us . . . we know you do! That's one reason why you'll like the Renault 750 with its fifty-miles-per-gallon. Other reasons are the way it weaves through traffic, the way it swallows hills, its independent four-wheel suspension, its ample space for four adults, its powerful little 4-cylinder engine, its high performance and its low maintenance. If you want to get around cheaply — get a Renault 750. Service and spares available from distributors throughout Great Britain.

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Amazingly simple to operate
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GROSVENOR HOUSE (PARK LANE)

HARD-WON EXTRA PROFITS DISSIPATED BY TAXATION

The ever growing reputation of the Hotel for comfort and excellent service was producing an increasing flow of visitors from Canada and the U.S.A., reported Mr. Charles S. Taylor, M.A., D.L., M.P., chairman of Grosvenor House (Park Lane), Ltd., in his annual statement to Stockholders.

The business was well managed and they were at last achieving a stable financial position and could take full advantage of whatever home and oversea business was available. During the Coronation they had had to refuse accommodation to thousands of regular clients but the goodwill that existed had enabled them to retain the patronage of their clients.

The net profit for the year ended March 31, 1953, at £273,027 showed an increase of £73,000 which was £35,000 higher than the previous highest in the company's history.

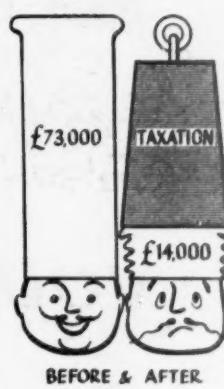
Unfortunately, that was not the whole story. Excess profits levy swallowed up £20,000 (the equivalent of a gross dividend of 4%) and when Income Tax and profits tax were added the Exchequer took £59,000 out of the £73,000, leaving the company with less than one fifth of its hard-won extra profits.

Year after year it had been dinned into the nation's ears that they must export or perish. Tourism, in which the Hotel Industry played such an important part, was one of our largest invisible exports and yet punitive taxation was imposed upon them when they succeeded in doing exactly what they were asked to do. That policy would not stimulate expansion and improvement of hotel accommodation in Britain.

The board's offer for the Ordinary and Preference Shares in Gordon Hotels had not been accepted but he still believed that their proposals at that time would have been advantageous to all concerned.

The Directors had come to the conclusion that further development of the company's interests was desirable and with this in view it was proposed to increase the Authorised Capital by £500,000. The board intended to pursue a policy of expansion but had no proposition immediately in mind.

The report was adopted, the dividend of 8% plus bonus of 2% making 10% for the year (against 6%) was approved and the Resolution to increase the Authorised Capital duly passed.



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you can be sure of

S H E L L





CHARIVARIA

AMONG three new literary reviews shortly to be launched is one which will be sponsored by the *Daily Mirror*. The proprietors possibly expect a ready-made circulation among Janeites.



London Transport officials report that Londoners accepted the new fares with remarkably good grace. Many of them, indeed, have been seen actually queueing up for the privilege of doing so.

The recently-arrested polygamists of Short Creek, Arizona, may well envy the freedom of their brethren in other parts. Their cause would be so much better understood if they could discuss it with the openness shown, for example, in this extract from the *Lagos Daily Times*:

"Q. I have five wives and I am sure that I give them equal treatment; yet four of them accuse me of favouring the fifth one. How can I convince them to the contrary?"

"A. I expect you shall have to go on trying to show them that you do not favour one in particular. It is very trying to have to put up with such unceasing complaints, but I am afraid you are just paying the price of a polygamist, and a lot of patience is what you require."



The annual report of a London library shows that thirteen thousand more books were issued this year than last. Alexandra Palace is confident that the setback is only temporary.

A rumour has started in Morocco that the deposed Sultan Sidi Mohamed has fled to the Moon. No doubt the simple tribesmen imagine that he will get more sympathy in what is clearly soon to become an American sphere of influence.

Some left-wing elements of the T.U.C. have been disappointed in the Congress's decision to add nothing to the nationalization programme but water. What will their reaction be in a few decades' time to the inevitable proposal to nationalize space?



Moscow Radio claims that the pedal bicycle was invented 150 years ago by a Russian serf named Artamonov in the Ural Mountains region. And naturally the sight of Artamonov pushing his machine up some of the steeper roads immediately led another serf to invent the three-speed gear.



IT is interesting to note how, in the closing phases of Western civilization, all preparations were made for the institution of those Servile Societies which were so soon to replace it. How far such preparations were conscious, and how far they represented a kind of collective reflex action, it is, at this distance of time, impossible to say. Certain it is, however, that, when the moment came, the requisite trumpeters had been suitably posted to bring the walls of Jericho tumbling down.

Among the instruments used in the unfolding of this melancholy destiny, one at least deserves special mention—the curious and ingenious device known as Radio, whereby animate scenes and accompanying sounds could be transmitted on to innumerable domestic and public screens. The ostensible purpose of this arrangement was to amuse and instruct, though such evidence as exists provides little support for the belief that either the amusement or the instruction was other than nominal. Scholars in recent years have attempted, not without success, to reconstruct programmes in both fields. The result of their labours cannot but strike a civilized mind as largely inane.

There is, nevertheless, every reason to suppose that, at the time, both the arrangements under which these radio programmes were produced, and the programmes themselves, were regarded with great complacency. This, incidentally, was characteristic of the age in question. An historian must record, but cannot refrain from regarding with some derision, the strange state of mind then, it would seem, prevalent, whereby, as free institutions decayed, freedom was ever more vociferously acclaimed, and each successive wave of senseless and ruinous destruction

DECLINE AND FALL

hailed as the dawn of a new era of enduring felicity.

In the case of Radio, there can be little question but that, whatever ostensible purpose it may have served, its true function was to precondition listeners and viewers for the servitude to come. This was evident in the more outlying regions, where the new barbarism had already established itself. In these areas Radio was used systematically and overtly to deceive and delude terrorized populations who might otherwise have rebelled against the dictatorial government and wretched living conditions to which they were subjected. In other areas, where vestiges of civilization continued to survive, the same end was more subtly realized. By retaining control of all radio transmission the authorities were able to insinuate their point of view into what purported to be authentic discussions, talks and news bulletins. They thus established, and at last enforced, an orthodoxy of their own, while proclaiming their devotion to the principles of freedom of speech and of opinion.

In this they were assisted, it is true, by the circumstance that addiction to radio necessarily

encouraged mental inanity, if not vacuity. Addicts soon shed whatever traces remained of a liberal education and spent their leisure hours in inert contemplation of such Radio programmes as it was thought fit to provide for them. Thus it happened that the last ostensibly free society left in the world did not need to be effaced, but quietly of itself disintegrated. Its citizens, all unknown to themselves, relinquished their freedom and fell easily into the ways of servitude because they were already enslaved.

The fate of those who thus in ancient times allowed themselves to be despoiled of their liberty under the fond supposition that they were thereby safeguarding their respectability should ever be kept in mind. In this age of enlightenment sinister appliances like Radio, which facilitate the generation of collective emotion and persuasion, are rightly forbidden. In our sociological museums may be found careful reconstructions of how Radio worked in the past, enabling governments to impose not only obedience but also total subservience on the governed. Such reconstructions are intended to edify the curious, or to instruct those whose business or pleasure it is to delve into antiquity. Let them also serve as a reminder of the fatal consequences of ever in any circumstances allowing the State to usurp functions which it should be the pride and privilege of each individual mind to guard jealously for itself.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

6 6

Escape Night at Monaco Jail

Monte Carlo, Sunday.—Dante Spada, the 'Raffles of the Riviera,' France's best-known criminal, escaped last night from Monaco Jail.—*Daily Mail*

Monte Carlo, Sunday.—Dario Samuccio, the 'Tarzan' of the Riviera, serving an eight-year sentence for stealing £60,000 worth of jewellery, escaped from Monaco jail last night.—*News Chronicle*

Monte Carlo, Sunday.—Dario Damuccio—'Tarzan of the Riviera' he was named after scaling high walls to carry out £50,000 jewel robberies—escaped from jail here to-day.—*Daily Express*





PROSPERO : *How now ! moody ?
What is't thou canst demand ?*

ARIEL : *My liberty.*

[The Tempest, Act I, Scene II]



Straw Hat Circuit By P. G. WODEHOUSE

THIS is the time of year when a lethargy falls on the New York theatre, but by way of compensation a vast activity prevails in what is known over here as the "Straw Hat Circuit," the little playhouses at the summer resorts, some of them mere barns, others, like the one at Skowhegan, Maine, where *Life With Father* was first produced, as ornate as any to be found on Broadway.

Most of the plays done on the Straw Hat Circuit are old, some of them decrepit, but occasionally a management will try out a new one to see how it goes before an audience. I was mixed up in a venture of this sort two years ago, and the old wound still troubles me, for breaking-in a play at the summer theatres is no task for weaklings.

We opened at Skowhegan after rehearsing there for eleven days, and after we had done our eight performances the management informed us that our next port of call would be Watkins Glen, N.Y. We would drive there in a couple of station wagons, the scenery to be provided at the other end. No one seemed to know anything about Watkins Glen. "Somewhere near here?" we asked. "Oh, pretty near," said the management. About six hundred and fifty miles, they thought. Or it might be seven hundred.

So on the Sunday we started off. We got up at five-thirty, stopped in Skowhegan for a bite of breakfast, and then off through New Hampshire, Vermont and Massachusetts on a journey about the equivalent in England of starting at Land's End

and finishing up somewhere near the Hebrides. I enjoy my little bit of motoring as a rule, but the pleasure fades when you realize, after you have gone three hundred miles, that you have scarcely scratched the surface and there are still another four hundred to go. Even assuming that there was such a place as Watkins Glen. We only had the management's word for it, and they might quite easily have made a mistake.

Years ago, when I had a penthouse apartment on the twenty-second floor of an office building on East Forty-First Street, I became temporary host to an alley cat which I had found resting on the front doorstep after what must have been the battle of the century. I took him in, and for a few days he was a docile and appreciative guest, seeming to have settled down to bourgeois respectability and to be contented with regular meals and a spacious roof for purposes of exercise.

But all the while the old wild life had been calling to him, and one morning he slipped out and headed for the open spaces. And not having the intelligence to ring for the lift, he started to walk downstairs.

I stood above and watched him with a heavy heart, for I knew that he was asking for it and that remorse would inevitably creep in. And so it proved. On about the twelfth floor I could see the thought strike him like a bullet that this was going on for ever and that he had got to Hell and was being heavily penalized for not having been a better cat. He sat down and stared bleakly into an eternity of going on and on and



arriving nowhere. If ever a cat regretted that he had not stayed put, this cat was that cat.

After three hundred miles in that station wagon, I could understand just how he had felt.

A good deal to our surprise, it turned out that there really was a place called Watkins Glen, and we reached it at four in the morning. We stayed there a week, playing in the High School auditorium with an enormous basket-ball arena behind the stage, which rendered the show completely inaudible. We then went on to Bradford, a journey of a hundred and fifty miles, where we got a theatre but ran into Old Home Week, with the entire population dancing in the streets and refusing to come anywhere near our little entertainment, with the result that we played to about eleven dollars on eight performances. The management then announced that on the Sunday we would be leaving for Chicago.

"Isn't that rather far?" we asked.

"Far?" said the management. "What do you mean, far? It's only about a thousand miles."

At this point I put my foot down firmly. I said I wished them well and would follow their future career with considerable interest, but I was going back to New York. Which I did. The unfortunate company went off in an aeroplane, and I never saw them again, for from Chicago they went to Easthampton, Long Island—twelve hundred miles—and when I motored to Easthampton on the Friday before Labour Day—Easthampton is a hundred and thirty miles from New York—I found there was not a bed to be had in the place, so twenty minutes after arrival I motored back again.



I was told later that I had not missed much. Our star had laryngitis and was inaudible, and her principal support, the funny man, started drinking, became violent, wrecked the house where he was staying and was taken to prison. The police let him out each night to play his part and on Saturday for the matinée, but one feels that he cannot have been at his funniest under those conditions.

That is a try-out on the Straw Hats, and, as I say, it is no task for weaklings.

And what happened to the play? you ask. Well, I'll tell you. Something seemed to have discouraged the management, for they decided not to take up their option, and unless I can find another management to put it on—say one that was dropped on its head as a baby and is not too bright—the thing may be considered dead.

I liked it myself, but I see now that the trouble with it was the same that James Thurber found in a play of his when he analyzed it.

"It had only one fault," he said. "It was kind of lousy."

2 2

"Walking through St. James's Park yesterday I noticed that the flowers had attracted an unusually large audience. The tulips, reinforced by wallflowers, are now . . ."—*Daily Telegraph*

Not so fast. What did they say?

279



Ecclesiologist

SEDATE on dated bicycle
He pedals through the shire,
Impervious as an icicle
To all but one desire . . .

His heart leaps up when he beholds
A steeple in the sky,
With crockets, finials and moulds
And buttresses that fly.

By lych-gates where the sunlight
slants

He props his gaunt machine,
And with a keen, appraising glance
Surveys the tranquil scene.

Into their centuries neatly fall
Clerestory, aisle and apse,
Lancet and squint and weathered
wall

And sad restorer's lapse.

Music to him the masonry;
The song of a sweet singer
Abacus, spandrel, quoin, ogee,
Voussoir, respond and springer.

For him the living columns march
Down the tall nave to where
Above the rood the chancel arch
Lifts slender hands in prayer.

Where the staunch ranks of hammer-beams
Their oaken branches spread
Winged seraphs, poised in timeless
dreams,
Smile down upon his head.

E. V. MILNER



FLOATING FAMILY

Clarence, you aren't so easy to place, with your Boy-Scout badges and shorts,
Your week-end tramps and youth-club camps, and your glasses and noble thoughts.
Anything full of high ideals and high adventure will do,
But I think on the whole the Tory Left is the proper pocket for you.

There you can go for excitement and show, having high thoughts with the best
And glamorizing the *status quo* with a shiny surface of zest.
Don't go trying constructive thought or looking for something to do,
But join the Young Conservatives now, and that should settle with you.

Dulcie, I haven't the slightest doubt, must go with the Right-wing mob.
Even at nine you're fierce and refined and a dyed-in-the-wool little snob.
You never need lift a lily-white finger or stoop to ask for the best,
But bring to bear a God-given flair for coming it over the rest.
I haven't a doubt how you'll make out, though in many ways you're a fool.
We must buy you some breeches, Dulcie, my girl, and send you to riding-school.
You may not like the smell of a horse or ride as a lady should;
But once in the saddle of even a hack you'll stay in the saddle for good.

And now my darling, my Benjamin, my littlest lamb of the flock,
You've a greedy heart, and eyes that start, and a face like water-worn rock.
You haven't been touched since the day of your birth by a scruple of any kind.
You have lusty lungs, and a gift of tongues, and a loose dissatisfied mind.
You haven't a happy line in your face or a quiet thought in your head.
You're for the Militant Left, my son, if ever I saw a Red.
You'll learn the patter at twelve or so, as any bright boy can do,
And after that it's each for himself, and the rest is up to you.
You may have to alter your course at times to keep the end in sight,
But never stop hating someone, lad, and you'll get to the top all right.

Your mother? Well, she has voted with me, being always a loyal wife.
Tell her to follow the Liberal line—it'll just about last her life.

P. M. HUBBARD



Oh gather around me, children; come, cluster about my knee.
Put down your toys, dear girls and boys, and just you listen to me.
I've always followed the middle road: I was never a one-way man:
From youth my vote was firmly afloat, and I finish as I began.
I've always voted a party in when the others were getting tough,
And voted the other lot back again when they'd cooled their heels enough.
I've kept the politicians in check by keeping them insecure;
I've been cherished and wooed as a voter should: and now I shall vote no more.

So now there's only the four of you to carry the good work on
(Your mother, I think, won't leave the sink after your dad is gone).
You won't be as clever as I have been—you've none of you had the need,
And as graduates of the Welfare State you've none of you learnt to read.
So all I can do is to sort you out, with each on a different tack,
So that though your votes won't help the State, they at least won't hold it back.

Doris, my girl, you're a housewife born; you'll marry as sure as fate,
And have three brats in grammar-school hats, and live on a housing-estate.
You won't have a thought but what you're taught, or worry with might-have-beens,
But spend your income up to the hilt on prams and washing-machines.
You're for the age of the common man and equal shares for all,
For the easy way and the six-hour day and everything smooth and small.
So you hold tight for the Labour Right and the land of the almost free,
For Herbie and Clem and the rest of them and the knights of the T.U.C.



"My husband just fiddles with something in here and it starts."

CHILDREN'S HOUR : *Making a Sun-dial*

By A. P. H.

WELL, chicks, here is a big surprise for you. To-day (or rather on September 19) you are going to make your own sun-dial in the garden. A sun-dial, in case you don't know, is a kind of sun-clock. The hours are marked round the edge of a circle, and the shadow of a thing sticking up from somewhere in the circle shows you the time. (The Thing is called a *gnomon* or "style." *Gnomon* is a Greek word meaning "indicator," and "style" comes from the Latin *stilus*, meaning a "stake or pale": but don't let that put you off.)

You have seen some sun-dials, I expect, and you probably thought they were rather tiresome. They are much too small, the hours are marked in Roman figures; you have to be very close to see what time it is, and even then it is not easy. Also they are often in places where you would not think of going to see what time it was,

high up on the wall of the church, or far away in a corner of the rose-garden. What you want is a large, legible sun-dial that you can see from the nursery or your bedroom. This will be a help to Daddy too, when he hasn't taken his watch (or his glasses) to the bathroom.

Now, chicks, there are different kinds of sun-dials—vertical, like the ones on church walls—horizontal, like that horrid little brass thing at the end of the garden—equatorial, which we don't suppose you have seen, and even portable. You must go one day to the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich and admire the beautiful Drake's Dial, which Sir Francis carried about with him. But just now you need only bother yourselves with the common or garden "horizontal." For this all you need is a flat, level, surface. (When I say "level" I ought to say "on the same plane as the horizon," but that might frighten or fog you, so I won't.)

On this flat surface (good view from the bathroom) you are going to mark a large circle. Round the circle you will mark the hours. But where? We will come to that later.

The next thing is to ask Daddy what your Latitude is. It is no use asking Mummy. I never met a woman yet who had the faintest notion what her Latitude was. It is quite extraordinary. If Daddy doesn't know he can look it up on a map or ask somebody. The point of this is that your Thing, or *gnomon*, must stick out from your circle at the same angle as your Latitude. If you live near the point of the Lizard your Latitude will be 50 degrees; if you live at the mouth of the Tyne it will be 55 degrees: so, you see, there may be quite a difference. Travellers sometimes buy charming old sun-dials, constructed for Rome (whose Latitude is nearly 42 degrees), set them up at Richmond (51½ degrees) and wonder why they don't "work."

Exactly *why* the angle of your Thing must correspond to your Latitude I shan't explain now: I am not *absolutely* certain that I could. You must just take it from me, chicks. Or ask Daddy. The thing is that the Thing must be parallel to the Earth's axis; and when it is fixed in correct position it will point to the North Star—or jolly near it. Anyhow, thrust all that from your mind. We must stick to the practical.)

Next, you must get a protractor—Daddy again?—and make him draw your angle, whatever it is, on a large piece of cardboard or wood. This is to help you put up the Thing correctly.

Now, what about the Thing? It need not be a solid triangle of metal like the ones you have seen. It can be a long pole or rod (the thinner the better): a very long stair-rod would be ideal. It can be decorative, painted green or gold. You might get Morning Glories to grow up it.

How long? That depends on the size of your circle, and where you put your Thing. The bigger the circle the longer the Thing. It must, you see, be long enough to throw a shadow to the edge of the dial at noon on June 21 when the sun stands highest and the shadow is shortest.

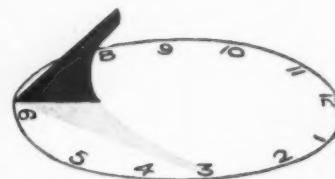
Now, in most of the small sun-dials you have seen on pedestals in remote rose-gardens the Thing is at a point one quarter of the distance across the dial—like this:



That will give you all the hours from four o'clock in the morning till eight o'clock in the evening. (The hours, you see, are different sizes: it's tiresome, but it's right.)

In my own sun-dial, which is painted on a stone

walk, I put the Thing on the circumference of the circle like this:



That, you see, gives you only the hours from six in the morning till six in the evening: but this is a small London garden, and outside those hours the sun is off the dial, so it would have been a waste of time to mark the others. This arrangement has the advantage that you have wider spaces between the hours, which makes for greater accuracy. On the other hand, you will want a longer Thing, as at noon on June 21 the shadow will have to fall farther. You must choose for yourself. If your dial gets the sun all day, and you are in the habit of getting up at four in the morning, the ordinary arrangement may be the best. But it will mean more work.

My own dial is four feet six inches in diameter and the Thing is four feet four inches. It is only just long enough. You, I think, should have something more ambitious—a diameter, say, of eight feet. Then, if you have your Thing in the ordinary place, two feet from the edge, it will have to be five feet long. If you do it my way it should be about eight feet long.

(Another thrilling hour next week)

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Comme Ci, Comme Sartre

A MAGGOT in his mind was really Him:
The self that people saw was quite Another.
Loathing his private worm
To be the Him he seemed was his endeavour.

And yet, revolted by his public shape
As by the horror of his hidden nature,
He changed to misanthrope
In both his actual and apparent feature.

For even Love could not collaborate
And view him through the right rose-coloured glass;
And love itself bred hate
As he rejected what she thought he was.

To burrow with his worm alone remained
Down tunnels of a cold, solipsist dream,
Hemmed in a self-contained
Vermicular world where things are not, but seem.

RONALD LEWIN

Boswell on The Grand Tour

A CONVERSATION WITH MONSIEUR ROUSSEAU

After Frederick the Great, Boswell turned his attention to Rousseau, whose establishment at Motières he managed to penetrate without recourse to the introduction Lord Marischal had given him.

MONDAY 3 DECEMBER [continued]. To prepare myself for the great interview, I walked out alone. I strolled pensive by the side of the river Reuse in a beautiful wild valley surrounded by immense mountains, some covered with frowning rocks, others with clustering pines, and others with glittering snow. The fresh, healthful air and the romantic prospect around me gave me a vigorous and solemn tone. I recalled all my former ideas of J. J. Rousseau, the admiration with which he is regarded over all Europe, his *Heloise*, his *Emile*: in short, a crowd of great thoughts. This half hour was one of the most remarkable that I ever passed.

I returned to my inn, and the maid delivered to me a card with the following answer from Monsieur Rousseau: "I am ill, in pain, really in no state to receive visits. Yet I cannot deprive myself of Mr. Boswell's, provided that out of consideration for the state of my health, he is willing to make it short."

My sensibility dreaded the word "short." But I took courage, and went immediately. I found at the street door Mademoiselle Le Vasseur waiting for me. She was a little, lively, neat French girl and did not increase my fear. She conducted me up a darkish stair, then opened a door. I expected, "Now I shall see him" —but it was not so. I entered a room which serves for vestibule and for kitchen. My fancy formed many, many a portrait of the wild philosopher. At length his door opened and I beheld him, a genteel black man in the dress of an Armenian. I entered saying, "Many,

many thanks." After the first looks and bows were over, he said, "Will you be seated? Or would you rather take a turn with me in the room?" I chose the last, and happy I was to escape being formally placed upon a chair. I asked him how he was. "Very ill. But I have given up doctors." "Yes, yes; you have no love for them." As it is impossible for me to relate exactly our conversation, I shall not endeavour at order, but give sentences as I recollect them.

BOSWELL. "The thought of your books, sir, is a great source of pleasure to you?" ROUSSEAU. "I am fond of them; but when I think of my books, so many misfortunes which they have brought upon me are revived in my memory that really I cannot answer you. And yet my books have saved my life." He spoke of the Parlement of Paris: "If any company could be covered with disgrace, that would be. I could plunge them into deep disgrace simply by printing their edict against me on one side, and the law of nations and equity on the side opposite. But I have reasons against doing so at present." BOSWELL. "We shall have it one day, perhaps?" ROUSSEAU. "Perhaps."

I was dressed in a coat and waistcoat, scarlet with gold lace, buckskin breeches, and boots. Above all I wore a greatcoat of green camlet lined with fox-skin fur, with the collar and cuffs of the same fur. I held under my arm a hat with a solid gold lace, at least with the air of being solid. I had it last winter at The Hague. I had a free air and spoke well, and when Monsieur Rousseau said what touched me more than ordinary, I seized his hand, I thumped him on the shoulder. I was without restraint. When I found that I really pleased him, I said, "Are you aware, sir, that I am recommended to you by a man you hold in high regard?"

ROUSSEAU. "Ah! My Lord Marischal?" BOSWELL. "Yes, sir; my Lord furnished me with a note of introduction to you." ROUSSEAU. "And you were unwilling to take advantage of it?" BOSWELL. "Nay, sir; I wished to have a proof of my merits." ROUSSEAU. "Sir, there would have been no kind of merit in gaining access to me by a note of Lord Marischal's. Whatever he sends will always find a welcome from me. He is my protector, my father; I would venture to say, my friend." One circumstance embarrassed me a little; I had forgotten to bring with me from Neuchâtel my Lord's billet. But a generous consciousness of innocence and honesty gives a freedom which cannot be counterfeited. I told Monsieur Rousseau, "To speak truly, I have forgotten to bring his letter with me; but you accept my word for it?"

ROUSSEAU. "Why, certainly. Numbers of people have shown themselves ready to serve me in their own fashion; my Lord Marischal has served me in mine. He is the only man on earth to whom I owe an obligation." He went on, "When I speak of kings, I do not include the King





of Prussia. He is a king quite alone and apart. That force of his! Sir, there's the great matter, to have force—revenge, even. You can always find stuff to make something out of. But when force is lacking, when everything is small and split up, there's no hope. The French, for example, are a contemptible nation." BOSWELL. "But the Spaniards, sir?" ROUSSEAU. "Yes, you will find great souls in Spain." BOSWELL. "And in the mountains of Scotland. But since our cursed Union, ah . . ." ROUSSEAU. "You undid yourselves." BOSWELL. "Truly, yes. But I must tell you a great satisfaction given me by my Lord. He calls you Jean Jacques out of affection. One day he said to me, 'Jean Jacques is the most grateful man in the world. He wanted to write my brother's life; but I begged him rather to write the life of Mr. Fletcher of Saltoun, and he promised me he would do so.'" ROUSSEAU. "Yes, sir; I will write it with the greatest care and pleasure. I shall offend the English, I know. But that is no matter. Will you furnish me with some anecdotes on the characters of those who made your Treaty of Union, and details that cannot be found in the historians?" BOSWELL. "Yes, sir; but with the warmth of an ancient Scot." ROUSSEAU. "By all means."

He spoke of ecclesiastics. "When one of these gentlemen provides a new explanation of something incomprehensible, leaving it as incomprehensible as before, every one cries, 'Here's a great man.' But, sir, they will tell you that no single point of theology may be

neglected, that every stone in God's building, the mystic Jerusalem, must be considered as sacred. 'But they have added stones to it.—Here, take off this; take off that! Now you see, the building is admirably complete, and you have no need to stand there to hold it up.' 'But we want to be necessary!' Ah! . . .

"Sir, you don't see before you the bear you have heard tell of. Sir, I have no liking for the world. I live here in a world of fantasies, and I cannot tolerate the world as it is." BOSWELL. "But when you come across fantastical men, are they not to your liking?" ROUSSEAU. "Why, sir, they have not the same fantasies as myself. —Sir, your country is formed for liberty. I like your habits. You and I feel at liberty to stroll here together without talking. That is more than two Frenchmen can do. Mankind disgusts me. And my housekeeper tells me that I am in far better humour on the days when I have been alone than on those when I have been in company." BOSWELL. "There has been a great deal written against you, sir." ROUSSEAU. "They have not understood me. As for Monsieur Vernet at Geneva, he is an Arch-Jesuit, that is all I can say of him."

BOSWELL. "Tell me, sir, do you not find that I answer to the description I gave you of myself?" ROUSSEAU. "Sir, it is too early for me to judge. But all appearances are in your favour." BOSWELL. "I fear I have stayed too long. I shall take the honour of returning to-morrow." ROUSSEAU. "Oh, as to that, I can't tell." BOSWELL. "Sir, I shall stay quietly here in the village. If you are able to see me, I shall be enchanted; if not, I shall make no complaint." ROUSSEAU. "My Lord Marischal has a perfect understanding of man's feelings, in solitude no less than in society. I am overwhelmed with visits from idle people." BOSWELL. "And how do they spend their time?" ROUSSEAU. "In paying compliments. Also I get a prodigious quantity of letters. And the writer of each of them believes that he is the only one." BOSWELL. "You must be greatly surprised, sir, that a man who has not the honour of your acquaintance should take the liberty of writing to you?" ROUSSEAU. "No, I am not at all surprised. For I got a letter like it yesterday, and one the day before yesterday, and others many times before that." BOSWELL. "Sir, your very humble servant.—What, you are coming further?" ROUSSEAU. "I am not coming with you. I am going for a walk in the passage. Good-bye."

I had great satisfaction after finding that I could support the character which I had given of myself, after finding that I should most certainly be regarded by the illustrious Rousseau. I had a strange kind of feeling after having at last seen the author of whom I had thought so much. I sat down immediately and wrote to Dempster. I sat up too late.

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"The Minister of Food's decision to take pork off the ration is welcomed by Leicester pork butchers as 'the finest piece of news we have had since 1939.'"—*Leicester Mail*

Come now, what about the Tests?

R*D*O T*M*S



ALL NEXT WEEK

THE MELANESIAN PLAYERS

in the "Schaffenberger" Song-Cycle (Home and Light)

CONRAD AITKEN RETURNS
with his Almighty Schlitzer Organ
(Home, Sunday)

ROUND AND ROUND
A New Series, with Sir Compton
Mackenzie (TV, Monday)

Soccer :: Croquet at Staines :: Bird-Watching :: Pelota

GILBERT HARDING SPEAKS
(Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,
Thursday, Friday, Saturday)

THE PALM COURT ENSEMBLE
with the Rococo Songsters
(Third)

Mansbridge after McLaren

TEACHING THEM ABOUT TV

CONTROVERSY over the best way to develop television by leaving the B.B.C. in undisputed possession of the field or by admitting competition has provided another subject of conversation besides the weather and the new skirt lengths. From many quarters, duns, schoolmasters, editors and others with a vocation for moulding opinion, have come warnings of the dangers ahead. Let us face them.

"For the purpose of resisting commercial television and encouraging the healthy development of public service television in the national interest," a National Television Council was formed at the residence of Lady Violet Bonham Carter, with Viscount Waverley as president, herself as chairman and 25 vice-presidents including the Vice-Chancellors of Oxford and Cambridge, the president of the Trades Union Congress, the Bishop of London and Bertrand Russell. One campaign supporter, Mr. Robert Speaight, began his article in the *Catholic Herald*: "I may as well admit that I am one of those who feel in their bones that sponsored television is wrong . . . But in a matter of public controversy one has to appeal to reason, because other people's bones behave differently . . ."

In a pamphlet entitled *Dear*

Viewer, Mr. Christopher Mayhew, M.P., made no bones about the issue at stake. ". . . While the apparent aim of commercial broadcasting is to give pleasure, the real aim is to sell toothpaste. There is thus a lie in the soul of every programme."

Mr. Norman Collins, Director of the Associated Broadcasting Development Company, hit back: nationalization of information, education and entertainment, vested in the B.B.C., "is a purely totalitarian concept, in conflict with the principle of free speech . . ."

Some cautious journals interposed in the ring as referees. Both the defenders of the B.B.C. and the proponents of commercial television were bidden by the *Financial Times* to come off their high horses and stop over-stating their respective cases. In the aftermath of the Coronation, concluded this editorialist, the public mind on TV is still clouded with the agreeable surprise of the broadcasting of that beautiful service, "very competently carried out by B.B.C. technicians, but, to hear some of their apologists, one might think that the B.B.C. had organized the service at the Abbey, rehearsed the participants and themselves crowned the Queen . . ."

The *Daily Telegraph* stressed the need for "a period of cool reflection . . . A man is not a libertine because he wants to choose his television programme; nor is he a totalitarian because he believes the B.B.C. has done a good job . . ."

A note of stern admonishment quelling the waverers was sounded from Printing House Square. In its leader, "Playing With Fire," *The Times* stated that the White Paper on television policy promised for the autumn "will be studied with care" but "the great weight of criticism which the Government . . . have brought down upon them is in no sense premature . . . Compromise is seen, by anyone who understands the reality of so-called competitive television, to be valueless . . . There is no need to wait before seeing that true—as opposed to vested—interests would be monstrously ill-served by

sponsored television." The *Manchester Guardian* affirmed: "Public sentiment is now overwhelmingly against the commercial interests" and, lest sentiment might waver, drew attention to "the chastened air of Government speakers" whose plea for a truce to debate until the autumn was rebuked as "evasive and disingenuous."

The diapason of disapproval was further developed by organs of the Left. "Asked for a pledge that the vote [in the Commons] will be free, the Government is evasive," said the *Daily Herald*, which advised that "the only practical way . . . to ascertain the desire of the country . . . would be to include the issue in the General Election programme . . ."

The *New Statesman* evoked "the strange case of Mr. J. Fred Muggs, the American monkey featured on New York TV screens in too close proximity to the newly-crowned Queen" in order to indicate where our choice lay. Admittedly a monopoly, the B.B.C., "for all its anti-Socialism . . . is the better prospect" than "a commercialized system . . . which must almost inevitably tend to debase the already low standards of taste . . ."

Mindful of such dangers that might ensue as "a carefully angled travel talk on a Socialist country" (not identified) or "a spy drama with the villain always from behind the so-called Iron Curtain," the *Daily Worker* insisted that "the World's most powerful propaganda weapon" must not fall into the hands of capitalist advertisers. "Our job is to strike that weapon from their hands!" Deep reed notes thundered on this organ: "Philip Bolsover exposes a Propaganda Plan which would picture War, Torture and Murder in your Parlour," and then the voluntary continued reverently on *vox humana*: The opposition to commercial TV included "the great mass of the British people, many Tories, even small advertisers, leaders of education, the Church . . ."

With a rather disconcerting logic the Archbishop of Canterbury informed his diocesan conference that



"Well, mate—absent friends!"

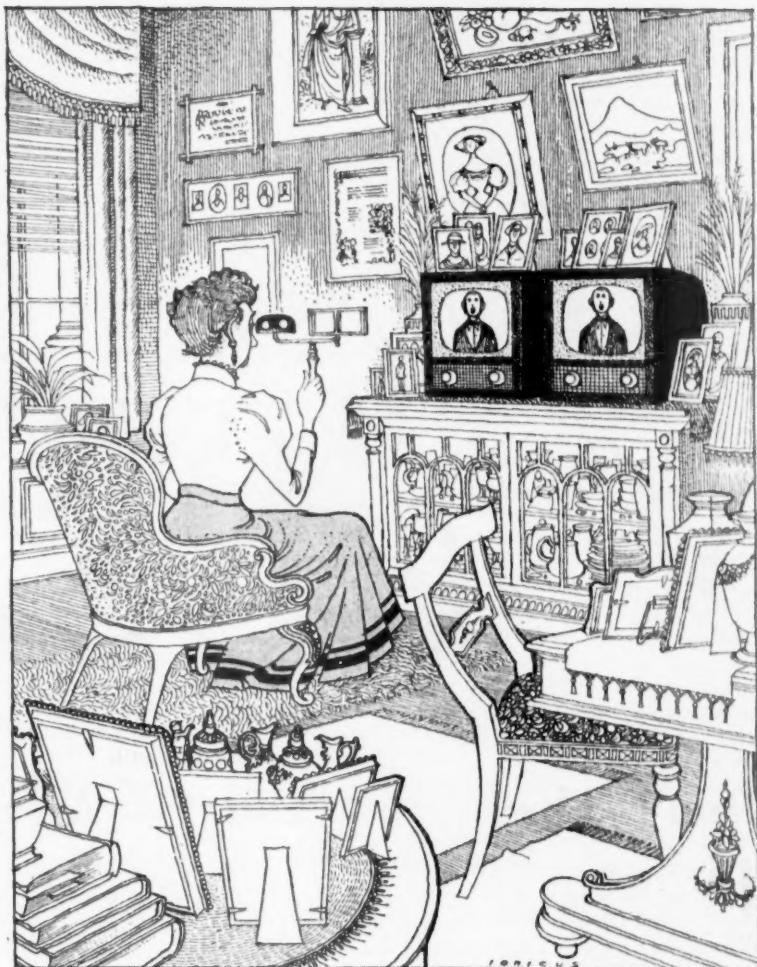
"Any suggestion that the B.B.C. is evidence of the thin end of the totalitarian wedge is really nonsense. It is no more amenable to state control and, in fact, rather less than commercial television would be . . ." There was no great desire for the latter. "I trust that it will become evident to the Government that the whole matter is best left alone . . ."

The Archbishop of York likened "the destructive influence of television in the hands of foolish and unscrupulous men" to an atomic bomb. On the other hand a Popular Television Association has been founded by Lord Derby "to awaken the national conscience to the dangers, social, political and artistic, of monopoly in this "rapidly growing field."

A widely quoted letter from the heads of fourteen universities observed: ". . . How much positive harm is done to youth by commercial television is not known and informed opinions differ." But the signatories agreed: "We are convinced that to place television on a commercial basis, which must mean that the programme is determined not by the criterion of merit but of popularity, would throw away an instrument with very great possibilities for good . . ."

The archbishops and the university vice-chancellors were taken to task by *The Spectator* for "arguing as though the co-existence of public and commercial services were an impossibility" and by *The Tablet* for having given insufficient attention to any drawbacks in a B.B.C. monopoly. *The Economist* deprecated the oversimplification of argument, "B.B.C. versus vulgarity, liberty versus tyranny, perfection against infamy," in this controversy, and instanced other ways of organizing television besides B.B.C. monopoly and programmes dependent on advertisement revenue.

In an exclusive interview *TV News* disclosed that Mr. Muggs, the 14-months-old chimpanzee (pictured in his polo-necked jumper) "absolutely adores British bulldogs, having spent his formative days with some of these amiable thoroughbreds at the same pet shop." His early morning popularity among young



American TV viewers gives their parents a breathing space. But is he friend or foe to our culture? According to one school of thought he should replace Picasso's dove as a symbol of peace. Others surmise that his growing fame heralds a sinister descent upon our shores.

We are constantly being reminded of living in a second Elizabethan age and therefore of the need to view contemporary problems in an historical perspective. The *Sussex Daily News* reports from Bognor Regis that, besides such recreations as cricket, croquet and bowls, the youth have been quizzing the Bishop of Chichester about TV prospects at a Brains Trust. He replied: "So much depends on the regulations which the Government may enforce

on the process and conduct of sponsored television . . . Obviously television could be so organized as to be disastrous and rather poisonous to the public. I don't see why it is necessary that it should be . . . I find it very difficult to get hot under the collar . . ."

An armada is in sight? Another game of bowls, thank you, weather permitting.

BERNARD CAUSTON



Civic Moment

"The ceremony took place yesterday . . . on the main road between Muizenberg and St. James, where Mr. C. J. Sibbett handed over an inventory of the contents of the Mayor of Cape Town, Mr. F. Sonnenberg."—*South African paper*



"Then it says quite clearly 'Plug it in anywhere'."

Don't Throw that Old Set Away BY H. F. ELLIS

DEAR DIRECTOR OF PROGRAMMES,—From all one hears you and your old steam radio are going to be in a bit of a jam shortly, what with all your star performers going over to Ally Pally for the extra publicity and sponsored TV looming up, as the saying is. I mean to say, when there's half a dozen TV programmes to play nursery games on and proper pay for work done, who's going to shut themselves up in a stuffy studio at Portland Place at a guinea a minute (including all exes), with their good looks going to waste and nothing to read but a talk on Tropical Fish which they wrote themselves and can't seem to get much sparkle into, when it comes to the point, on account of being afraid of the paper crackling? You'll be cleaned right out of artists, with or without the "e," before you know where you are, and you know it.

This is to say that Liz and I will muck in and help you out, if arrangements can be made suitable to both.

Well, I mean we don't want to see the old sound racket fold right up, having switched on with 2LO, as you might say, and gone through with it with our chins up till as per above date. That's only human nature, same as there'd be an outcry if King's Cross looked like falling down. I reckon I can do it, with Liz to turn the records over, and nobody know the difference any more than they do now. Staff you'd have to have—well, say two

or three to see to the electricity and that and clean round mornings—and a big-wig I dare say, all pomp and hot potatoes, to say "This—is—London," spaced out nice and even, for State occasions. Liz and I can handle the rest and glad to, if treated right.

Only two programmes, mind. If I'm sending out Six Bulgarian Dances with one hand and reading the nine o'clock news with the other, people'll just have to wait for New Sidelights on the Hyksos Kings. Leave it to Liz? No, I just wouldn't want to trust her with serious stuff about scarabs. She lisps her S's—I'm being straight with you, see—worse than a trained actress. Besides, we've got to eat, haven't we—and not in that downstairs canteen of yours either, if you don't mind. Two programmes, then. Home—with a touch of culture, don't you worry—and Light. If you want a Third man, go and get Orson Welles.

Now then, to business. We've had a dekko, Liz and I, at the R.T. (*what a paper, eh?* All black type and booklets sent free on request—like Old Moore's Almanack, without the interesting event in circles close to a Reigning House), and here's how we work it out. Take the Home and Light and add 'em together, just to get the weight of it, and what do we find? Sixteen hours thirty-three minutes broadcasting per diem on the Home and fifteen hours dead on the Light, or say one-eight-nine-three minutes the pair. There's the

broad general daily proposition Liz and I aim to take over.

Now to break it up. Take any day—take last Tuesday, why don't you?—and let's see where we come out.

Music. All kinds of music was let off last Tuesday, from a bunch of banjos stridulating in the dew at 6.30 a.m. to the B.B.C. Welsh Orchestra flat out in what used to be called the noontide hush before your outside commentators snapped up all the clichés, and right through till Frederick Curzon pulled out the last stop at 11.56 p.m. precisely. Seven hours fifteen minutes' music on the Home, I make it, not counting incidental bits in Variety and such, and nine hours eleven minutes on the Light. We can do all that easy, Liz and I, and as good as. Better really, on records; you get no coughing, risk of overblowing themselves and cetera, and as for needle-scratch, forget it. Smooth as silk, Liz will be, with all the practice, once she gets into a groove. And while I'm on about it, there was another hundred and forty-five minutes' "record programmes" on the Home, Tuesday, plus forty-five more on the Light. There's another three hours ten we can do on our heads, same as with the straight music only scratchier to show it's genuine and a bit of kidding between discs (*which I can do*). Notice me on about the groove?—Not to mention the Third Man crack, earlier).

Add up, then. Sixteen hours twenty-six minutes assorted music (on records) plus three ten assorted ditto (ditto—only come clean), and there's—hold it—eleven hundred and seventy-six minutes out of your total one eight nine three. Pretty near two-thirds of both programmes lumped together, and nothing to do for it but fiddle the discs about, and maybe give the old gramo a wind during power-cuts.

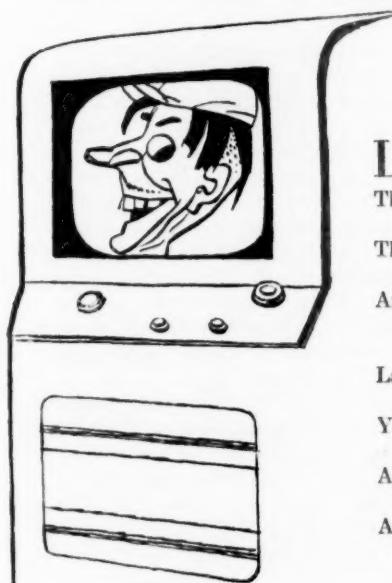
News, Weather and That. Nothing in it. Couple of tones down for deaths, and a good pause to show when quotes are coming, and you're home. Liz says for long

foreign names you come down smack on any syllable you like, bar the one they're expecting, and I reckon she's right. Leave it to us. A hundred and twenty-seven minutes, making thirteen ought three, all told.

Talks. What I thought, there must be hundreds of old Third Programme spiels nobody ever heard, and if not available in the record library I wouldn't mind putting on a thin, high voice and having a go at some of them during the breakfast wash-up—or after the News, if semi-topical, as it might be "Some Persian Cist-graves" or some such for last week. Ninety minutes to add, if you want Liz to do "A Book at Bedtime," though I must say I'd have thought we could just tell folks where they got to last time and let 'em read on for themselves, while we had an easy.

Well, I mustn't keep on. There's Children's Hour and the Tiny Tots to be thought of, of course, but Liz and I were wondering whether, with all the Directing work taken off your shoulders as it were—well, I mean you could be Grumps, a Kindly Dustman, and have Impromptu Adventures with a pet foal (which only calls for cokernuts, Liz says, and meeting the same pair of children—Liz and me, see?—at the Corporation Rubbish Dump each day). Still, we could talk it over. As for Mrs. Dale's Diary, Liz says they'd stand for up to three hours of that any morning (repeat on the Light, afternoons), and what Liz thinks is why not tell the fans Mrs. Dale's mind is going and she's beginning to live in the past; then you could put instalment No. 1 on the turntable—fancy Gwen back as a teen-ager, eh!—and let 'em have the whole works over again.

If there was any more time to fill in, Liz and I could take turns guessing what the other had been up to during the day (copyright). I don't know, though. Liz comes over a bit coy and winsome when she gets into a quiz-game, so we'd have to watch it. We don't want to lose her to TV first go off, do we now?



To a Comedian

LAST week we saw you at the music-hall
 And thought your gaping shirt-front very funny;
 The way you let your baggy trousers fall
 Was worth five bob of anybody's money.
 The stage's spell, impalpable but festive,
 Bound us complaisant victims of your wiles,
 And even when your gags were most suggestive
 We rolled immoderately in the aisles.

Last night we saw you on the television,
 Your act unchanged, as far as we could see.
 Your drooping pants invited our derision,
 Your dickey burst for our especial glee;
 And, word by unrelenting word, your patter
 Dropped into our refined domestic scene.
 And somehow there it seemed another matter,
 And so we rose and wiped you from the screen.

B. A. YOUNG



A PASTORAL LETTER

MY DEAR SHEEP.—Once again by a beneficent ordering of events it has happened to me to be in Switzerland, in an excellent *pension* commanding a truly inspiring view of Geneva. Without anticipating what I shall have to say at our Diocesan Conference in October I cannot forbear to share with the whole diocese a sense of deep thankfulness that both our Archbishops, in common with the Free Church leaders, have unhesitatingly committed themselves to resisting any attempt to impose freedom of thought or opinion on our television screens. With splendid courage they have forestalled the Government's disclosure of its intentions in a so-called "White Paper," and have given a strong lead before the people committed to our care have been put in peril of wrong judgment by studying the issue for themselves.

All too often in the past our Church has been criticized for its moderation; its willingness to tolerate experiment and its readiness to hear both sides of every question. But there are limits even to the cherished comprehensiveness of the National Church and they have manifestly been reached when we are asked to give even a moment's consideration to the opinions of those who question the fitness of that other great National Institution, the B.B.C., to be the sole controller of what the

Archbishop of York foresees "may easily become the most powerful of all instruments in the formation of opinion and of national character." Some inventions, as Dr. Garbett so wisely observes, are "so dangerous that they must be owned and controlled by the Government lest they should be used to the injury of the people."

One has but to reflect on the demoralizing influence exerted by the printing press and the *kinema*, to realize how many souls might have been saved from error and degradation had our Church leaders seen those inventions, as our Archbishop now sees television, as "something more powerful than any weapon of war." It is a misfortune of history that neither in the fifteenth nor the nineteenth century did *Ecclesia Anglicana* possess men of such vision and resolute purpose as those with whom we are now blessed.

I rejoice to know that it was found possible to set up large television screens in many of the churches of the diocese so as to enable our people, as never before, to enter into those solemnities of the late Coronation for which we owe the B.B.C. a debt which can never be redeemed in this world. One shudders to think what sort of a Coronation we should have had but for the impeccable good taste of our gifted B.B.C. It is inconceivable that commercial TV could have produced a Coronation so faultlessly unfolding those elements in our incomparable liturgy which we cherish most; or one in which you, my dear people, could have seen your own Bishop, in close proximity to our beloved Queen; though I was sorry to hear that the strong light of the B.B.C. was continuously reflected by my spectacles.

That, however, is a digression. The providential thing is that at such a critical stage in the development of television the whole nation turned to the B.B.C. and was not disappointed. More than that: as the Bishop of London has said, it "certainly deserved and won the admiration of the entire world," a confident

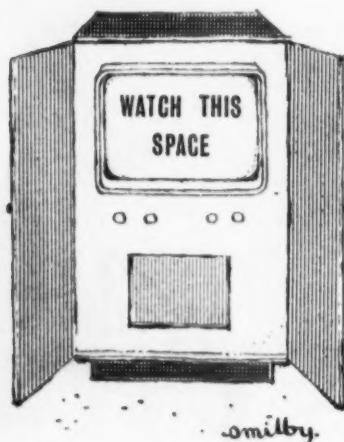
statement made possible only by the day and night monitoring service maintained by our Church of England Council on Foreign Relations. Dr. Wand asks: "Why not continue to use a system which has served us so well?" As though to give point to the Bishop's question, the B.B.C. gave further evidence of its superb artistry by delighting all music-lovers with a joyous feast of Mozart from its studio at Glyndebourne in Sussex. What standards of perfection! To again quote the Archbishop of York, "the B.B.C. has proved itself worthy of the trust which has been committed to it."

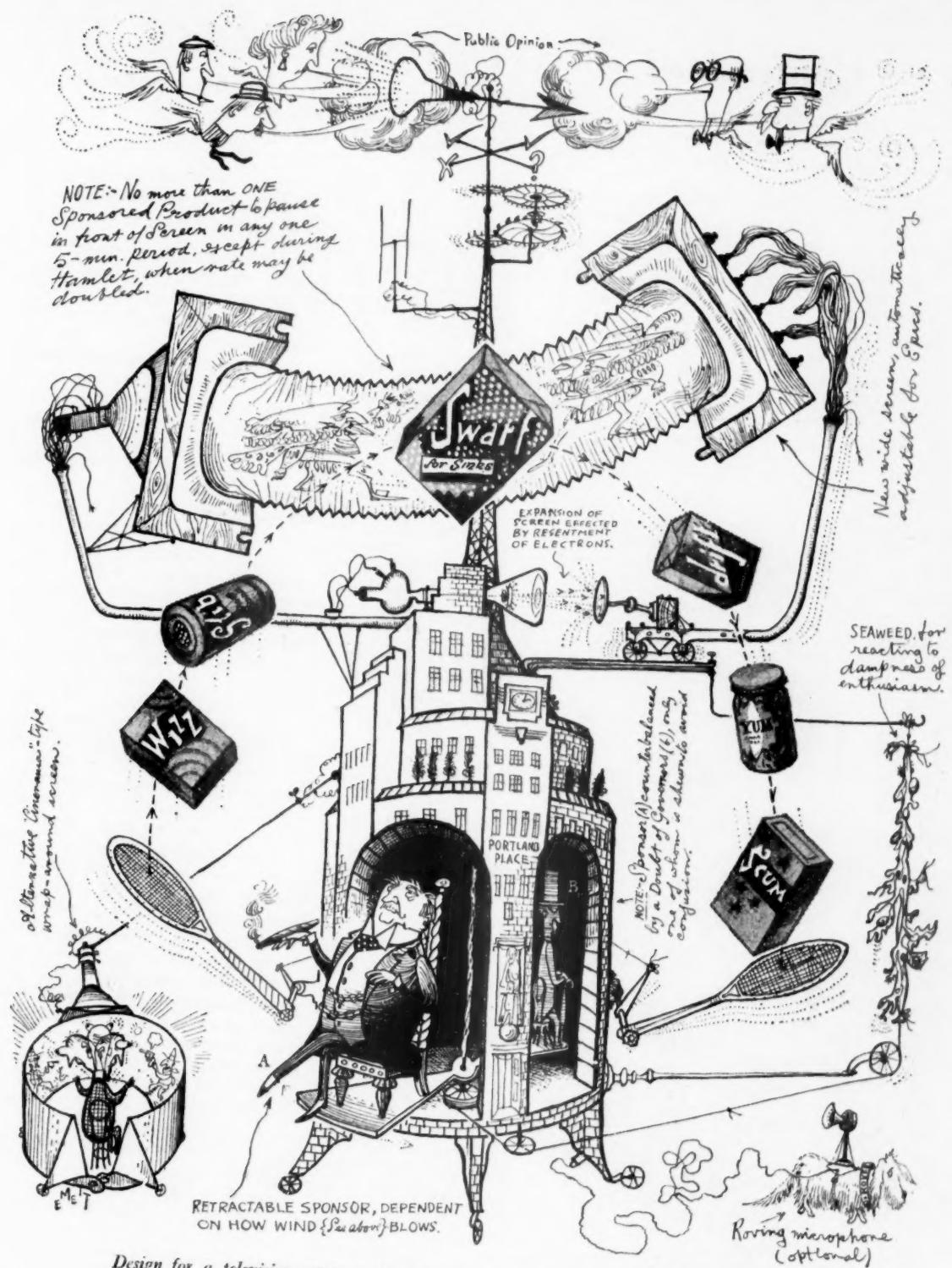
With the Coronation and *Il Seraglio* to its credit, thanks, incidentally, to the loyal assistance and advice of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Earl Marshal in Westminster Abbey and Mr. J. Christie at Glyndebourne, the B.B.C. need fear no detractors other than those who, with self-seeking, ignoble motives, pretend that our British people ought to be as free to choose their television programmes as they are to choose husbands and wives, Members of Parliament, Trade Union officials or even religious beliefs.

You will expect me to say a word about the effect of centrally controlled TV on religion. It is, of course, impossible to foresee all the consequences, but one thing is certain—the Apostolic precept, "All things to all men," will prevail. That in practice must mean that the best elements of religion will be attractively presented by the pick of our preachers. Having in mind a recent unhappy occurrence which gained publicity in our county newspaper I am thankful that the B.B.C. could never be a party to putting forth a one-sided view of such delicate matters as Original Sin or the Church's marriage law, both of which were painfully prominent in the case to which I refer.

Though unity may be still some way off, we shall have marked an historic stage when we can say of England that it has but one religion on the ear and in the eye, the religion of the B.B.C.

Your faithful Friend and Bishop
+ EZRA WOOLCSTR:





Design for a television set to work with equal facility on B.B.C. or sponsored electrons
(whichever may ultimately triumph).

Confessions of a Television Critic

IN next to no time television has progressed from obscurity and neglect to limelit celebrity. Until a few years ago the newspapers ignored it, offered no criticism of its programmes, and couldn't be bothered even to print summaries of the day's fare from Alexandra Palace. Television was hopelessly unfashionable; purists jibed at the mixed Greek and Latin of the word "television"; snobs averted their eyes when passing rows of council houses with their tell-tale superstructure of metallic aitches, and

earnest students of the new medium were driven to disguise their aerials as weather-vanes and their sets as cocktail cabinets.

And now? Well, here we are prepared to consider television a suitable vehicle for that most exacting and esoteric of intellectual pursuits—criticism of criticism.

I am a television critic, and I should like to tell you something about my colleagues in the profession, our methods, our code, and our occupational hazards. Once the public is apprised of these matters

there should be less scoffing at our claims for higher pay.

Look at this—

Mr. —— who is on holiday [is indisposed] will resume his television articles shortly.

This announcement may have any one of a dozen meanings—

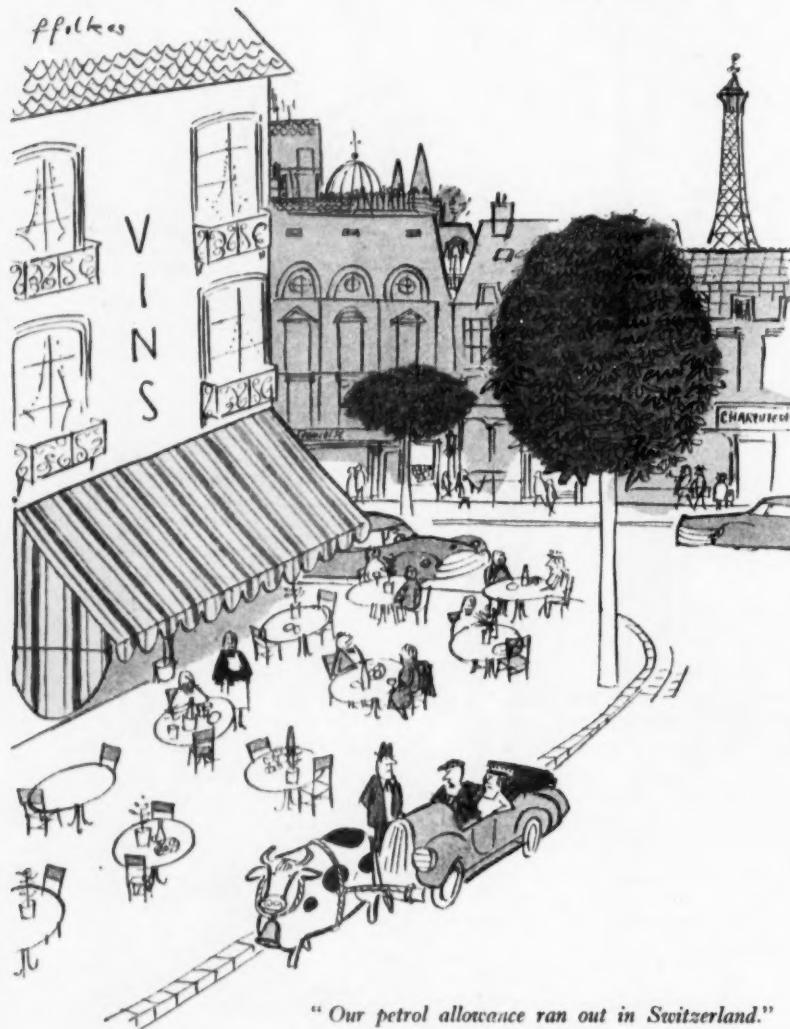
Mr. —— may be on holiday or indisposed.

Mr. ——'s TV set may have blown its tube and put him temporarily out of commission. (Personally I always keep half a dozen sets in reserve.)

Mr. ——'s copy may have been "killed" by the editor because it contains no reference to the chief hitch or howler of the evening. A five-minute breakdown in transmission from Kirk o' Shotts or an exceptionally objectionable display of testiness by Gilbert Harding is obviously far more newsworthy than sane comment on the content of the programmes. And, as every TV critic knows, it is fatally easy to miss these dramatic moments. There is a knock at the door, a daughter to be tucked up, or a bottle to be opened, and the critic leaves his set for a few seconds. And the next morning when he looks in vain for his newspaper column he hears that Mr. Harding has abused a sagger-maker's bottom-knocker from Burslem, that the B.B.C. has had two hundred and seventy-three telephone calls complaining about somebody's décolletage, or that an announcer has committed some tiresome Spoonerism. (In self-defence I now ring round to all my televiing friends whenever I miss a moment's transmission. One of them can usually tell me which expletives Harding has used in my absence, what was the angle of his bow-tie, and whether or not his hair was dishevelled.)

And so on.

One of the chief difficulties confronting the TV reviewer is that he is unable to compare notes with his colleagues. At the theatre the critics can meet over a gin-and-tonic,



pick each other's wits and arrive eventually at a fairly common denominator of praise or blame. But the TV critic sits at home by his own foyer and may never meet his literary associates. More than once when uncertain of my judgment I have toyed with the idea of dialling the telephone numbers of Mr. Maurice Wiggin and Miss C. A. Lejeune . . .

"Hello, is that Miss Lejeune? Well, I'm sorry to trouble you but I've just been looking-in at the new TV parlour game, and I wondered whether . . ."

"That's funny, I was on the point of ringing you."

"Really! Well, in that case . . . What's that? Yes . . . yes . . . Oh, I see . . . You say you've got a sentence beginning 'I seem to be alone in finding the new parlour game . . .' and you want to be quite certain that you are alone . . . Well, what I thought about it was that . . . No, that's quite all right, Miss Lejeune. Glad to have been of service."

Critics in other fields are lucky: they write their pieces before public opinion has had time to harden. The TV critic, on the other hand, writes in fear and tremble, conscious of the fact that his editor, assistant editors, sub-editors, compositors, newsboys and dear readers have all seen the target of his criticism and consider themselves infallible judges of television. Is it any wonder then that most TV critics tend to avoid criticism and concentrate instead on technical hitches, forthcoming attractions, re-writes of the *Radio Times*, Gilbert Harding, and items beginning "TV actor Wilson Hackbut tells me that he will shortly be appearing in a new serial about guided missiles . . .?"

It is usually quite safe to inveigh against documentaries ("For sheer pretentious absurdity last night's programme on Polynesian wallpaper takes the biscuit . . ."), against new parlour games and old films. And at a pinch the critic can always fall back on (a) a denunciation of so-called "variety" and comedy shows coupled with (b) a demand for more of them.

If all this sounds rather cynical



*"At first things might be difficult—
just a tiny cottage and a nine-inch screen."*

let me assure you that the TV critic is on the whole quite content with his lot. There are times when with a relatively clear conscience he can leave his set silent and dark; he can go out-of-doors to a Test Match or race-meeting and submit his report in terms of the screen; he can sometimes switch off right at the beginning of a programme and write "I had to switch off in the middle of this ghastly programme"; he can take time off on Thursdays when the Sunday-night play is repeated, and take a long nap during all Music-hall and Variety programmes in the certainty that they have been and will be repeated *ad nauseam*; and, of course, he can always plead failing eyesight and resign from the job.

From time to time I receive

letters from boys and girls who are prepared to abandon their dreams of becoming spaceship pilots and air hostesses and to get down to a little dishonest work as a television critic. The trouble is, they all write, we don't know how to start.

Well, I have no advice to offer. All I know is that I became a television reviewer because I happened to be the only person in the office who was fool enough to own a television set.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

2 2

"At Stoneclough, a nurse spoke of her experiences as a midwife in a hospital at Addis Ababa, and brought samples of native workmanship."—A *Women's Institute magazine*

Adoption papers in order?

PORLAND PLACE, STIFF UPPER LIP IN

SUBJECT: Proposed transmission of televised programmes by commercial broadcasting companies.

INTRODUCTION:

If and when "commercial" or "sponsored" television secures a foothold in the national fabric, members of the Corporation's staff will remain at their posts and continue to discharge their duties as usual.

It may not be enough, however, merely to maintain at its accustomed level the high moral, educational and recreational content of programmes. I have therefore decided on a course of action designed to keep the Corporation's name before those members of the viewing and listening public who succumb to the enticements of the "commercial" competitor.

Briefly, my plan is that the B.B.C. shall itself purchase advertising periods ("spots," as they are styled) in the new programmes.

GENERAL PICTURE:

A few explanatory notes may not be out of place. Of the several commercial broadcasting concerns likely to be floated, all will adopt one of two systems. Under the first, the advertiser will purchase a period of time, and will be responsible for both its entertainment and advertising content. (Scheme "A", below). Under the second, the actual programmes will be provided by the broadcasting company, the advertiser furnishing only the commercial matter known as the "plug." (Scheme "B," below). The

Corporation must formulate plans appropriate to both systems.

THE PLAN OUTLINED:

Scheme "A" (Entertainment plus advertising). Careful regard must be had under this Scheme to the context in which our "spot" will appear. This is the most vital factor.

Should we, for instance, be allotted a "spot" immediately after a telefilm of the Folies Bergère, and before an actuality transmission from a locale of the Rillington Place type, it would be a mistake to devote our programme to such equivalent excitements as a dramatization of Descartes' "Localization of the Soul," or an unscripted discussion on "Studies in European Realism"; viewers so situated would be more receptive to the contrasting restfulness of, say, "The Centre Show."

Under Scheme "A", apart from the introductory note ("This programme comes to you by courtesy of the British Broadcasting Corporation"), no "plug," *qua* "plug," will be necessary. The whole "spot" will be a "plug."

Scheme "B" (Advertising only.)

The importance of contrast will once again be paramount: not, this time, contrast with programmes before and after but with that during which the Corporation's announcement will be made. As with Scheme "A", it will be necessary for our newly-formed Advertising Department to be fully briefed on the content. Should this prove impossible for technical or other reasons, the artist engaged to deliver the "plug" must be supplied with two or more scripts, the final selection being made at his discretion as the programme unfolds. It may be of help to give examples.

(i) For a "personality" programme—an interview, say, with a prominent wrong-doer lately released from prison:

"Mr. X has clearly not been a regular listener to Sunday Half-Hour, the B.B.C.'s weekly feast of community hymn-singing. Stay Home With a Hymn!"



(ii) For a programme of massed jazz bands, hot trumpeters, torch singers, adagio dancers and barrel-house pianofortes:

"Let the B.B.C. set your foot really tapping. To-night at ten, the Bulawayo Flute Ensemble in Melodies from Reynamickz. Cut a Rug With Reynamickz!"

(iii) For a programme featuring discussions and method-demonstration by the week's football pools winners:

"But only a B.B.C. feature programme can tell you How a Football is Made! Don't miss number forty-eight in our Crafts and Careers series. 'Football factories from blow to bladder!'"

These examples are at this stage of an experimental nature. Their very immaturity is an indication of the special literary technique required, and it may at first be necessary to recruit American "know-how" for this vital work. (But see "Comments, Suggestions and Applications," below.)

One firm decision has been taken, however. No B.B.C. "plug" will on any account be devoted to statistics about recent prosecutions of non-liscence-holding listeners or viewers.

COMMENTS, SUGGESTIONS AND

APPLICATIONS:

After perusal of this Directive members of the Corporation's staff are free to submit any relevant comments and suggestions to my office at Broadcasting House. To those interested in this new form of work I would say that it is rich in opportunity. As an instance, fifteen-minute condensations of Shakespeare, Carlyle, Britten, etc. will be in heavy demand.

Applications for the new post of Advertising Manager (£450 p.a., by £10 to £500) should be submitted through the usual channels.

Employees desirous of giving demonstrations or auditions of features thought suitable for the Corporation's "spots" should apply in writing in the first instance. Accommodation has not yet been arranged for chimpanzees, etc.

J. B. BOOTHROYD

Sponsor: one who binds himself to answer for another's default: a surety (Webster).

People keep telling me that Sponsored TV means that somebody's always breaking into—



the ordinary programme with—

some ghastly "Commercial":

that no sooner does the Emperor Concerto get going than—

some fearful fellow pops up with "You too can play the piano":

that as soon as your favourite tenor starts singing "Drink to me only with"—



—Someone's Sparkling Sherry comes from some character in the corner:

and that it goes on like that all the time: first a bit of this (Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!)

and then a bit of that (Hi!! Hi!!! Hi!!!):

first four bars of Swan Lake—

and then four bars of Somebody's Soap:



first an extract of opera—

and then an extract of beef:

first 'vantage Miss Connolly—

and then 'vantage Kilkoff's cold cure:

first a spurt by Cambridge—



and then an answering gush by Such-and-Such Socks:

first half-way up the straight with the Ascot Gold Cup—

and then right round the bend with So-and-So's gin.

I do wish I knew how much of this is a gallant defence of all that we hold most dear—

and how much of it is a dastardly blow struck at a lofty and chivalrous project!

A Serpent in the Studio

BY LIONEL HALE

IT was in an atmosphere of high disorganization that I spent my early formative years in television. One never, as the saying is, knew where one was. An hour or so before the programme was due to start the studio would begin to fill up with performers who knew as little about this fish-fry as myself. Here two persons in kilts would be trying out a sword dance; men would appear carrying Tussaud busts of W. G. Grace or papier-mâché models of Cader Idris; a middle-weight boxer called Vince Hawkins would be shadow-boxing in a corner; stage-hands would be setting up large prints of Picasso on easels; doe-eyed models would drift by in Victorian gowns, with most un-Victorian undulations; and throughout it all rang the unaffected and grig-like laugh of Mrs. A. to a ground-bass

of my own deep and despairing groans.

It was on one of these tatter-dermalion occasions, for which my reserved and retiring nature too little fitted me, that I shook hands, so to speak, with the icy fingers of Edgar Allan Poe. The lights were up, full blaze; the camera turned its black death-socket eye on me: the studio manager called for quiet above the din of crashing *objets d'art*; there were thirty seconds to go; and I took a last frenzied look at the back of an old envelope on which the entire programme was written down. And, half-way, it read "No. 7. Man From Zoo." It was the first I had heard of the Man from the Zoo, and I wish to Baird it had been the last.

"Who," I inquired, "is the Man from the Zoo? And what questions am I to ask about him?"

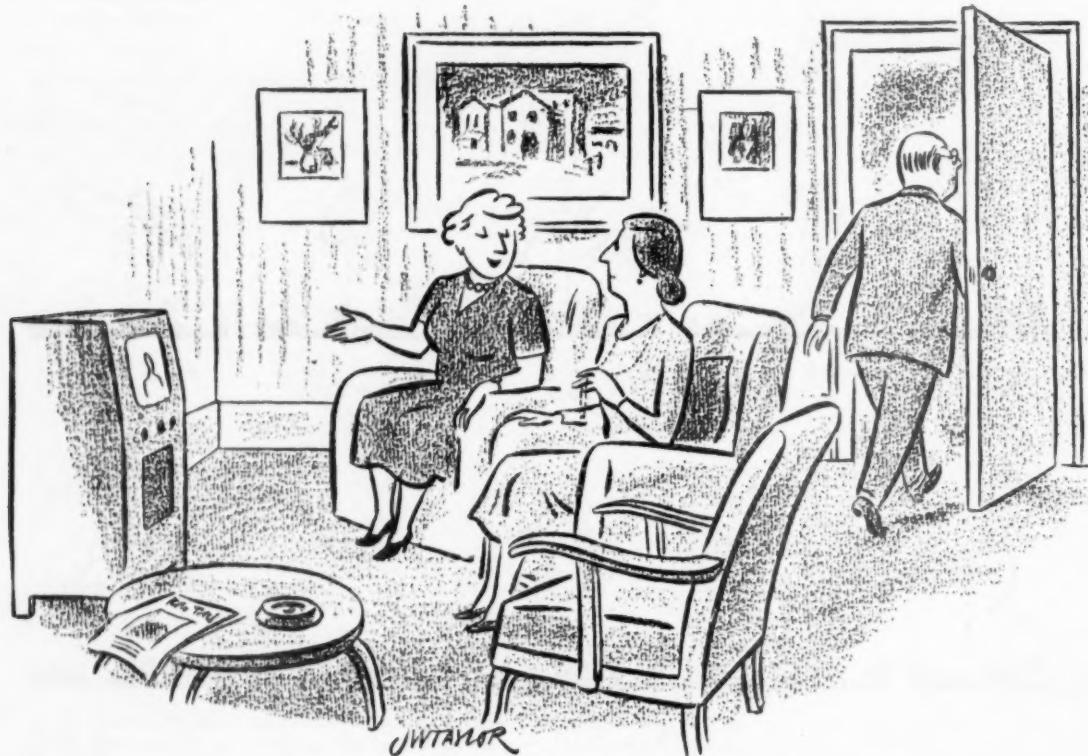
"He's Mr. L," called back Mrs. A., climbing the rat-riddled stairs to the control room. "He's going to ask his own questions. He's Curator of Reptiles."

Now every man has his weaknesses. Some men grow pale and shiver at the thought of looking at the editorial board of the *New Statesman*. I myself am sick or faint at the sight of snakes.

"He mustn't bring a snake on here," I shouted with energy.

"Oh, no!" came the reassuring voice of Mrs. A. disappearing, and then *diminuendo*, "Oh, no, no, no!"

The Quiz started, five seconds later. My memory kept up miraculously with hunting horns of New Guinea, and a Punch and Judy show, and photographs of the Elgin Marbles, and a frantic rendering of Morris dancing by two ladies in pince-nez



"Every night, about an hour before closing-time, it insults his intelligence."

I dealt suavely with the attempt of some budding Barbara Goalen (modelling the first bloomers) to crash prematurely into view while I was dealing with a cardboard model of old St. Paul's. I was even enjoying myself when I glanced down surreptitiously to the envelope (now sweat-sodden) and read "No. 7. Man from Zoo."

"And now, after Architecture," I said, with my engaging mow, "let us have a change to Zoology. And here let me present to you Mr. L., Curator of Reptiles at the Zoological Gardens of London."

Prompt on cue, there appeared Mr. L., obediently marching on to the set to stand shoulder to shoulder with me. He was festooned in python. It was as if the statue of Laoëon had decided to join me.

My memory is cloudy at this point. I know that I lost the power of locomotion. I know that this serpent (named Cynthia) made thorough explorations of my person, and that I had wild ideas of propitiating the pythoness by some Delphic rite. I know that I closed my eyes, because I remember opening them only to see the monitor, that screen that shows you what is being televised; and that the monitor showed the pythoness coiling lovingly round my throat, and me with bulging eyes. I know that subsequently I finished the programme, via wax models of Nelson, and totem poles of Red Indians, and a darts match. I know because they told me so afterwards, over liquor.

"And oh!" said Mrs A., "you were *brilliant* with that python! You managed to look so *scared*! We *did* laugh!" And she laughed all over again.

All this was, as I say, in the experimental days, and they went on experimenting until Mr. Wynford Vaughan Thomas got himself bitten by a lizard, publicly, in a couple of million homes. That made the B.B.C. chary of experimenting. But commercial TV, untaught by experience, will experiment gloriously and catastrophically for at any rate a year or two; and I shall enjoy that, for I found Mr. Vaughan Thomas's encounter with the animal world very amusing indeed.



The Harmless Necessary Cow

LAST night I dreamed according to the law
Propounded in his book by Mr. Dunne;
I peered into the future and I saw
The combine harvester of '91.

It was indeed the engine of a dream;
At one vast end it gathered in the grain
And at the other it produced a stream
Of bread and butter, wrapped in Cellophane.

And on its purring smoothness there appeared
Transparent domes, a smaller one to house
The spotless-coated gentleman who steered,
A larger one containing several cows.

With a cow's air of being unsurprised
They stood and switched their tails and did not utter,
Ancient, aloof, effete, unmechanized,
And very necessary for the butter.

PETER DICKINSON

VENICE FILM FESTIVAL



Mineral With Abstract Connections

BY RICHARD MALLETT

WHAT night," asked Cogbottle, "do they broadcast 'Twenty Questions' these days?"

Upfoot said "Search me."

Cogbottle said indignantly "Do you mean to tell me you don't hear it either? I was counting on you to tell me how intricate they get nowadays with the specifications. In the old days they used sometimes to get quite—"

"What do you mean, *intricate*? Come to that," said Upfoot, "what do you mean, *specifications*?"

"I mean the introductory announcement. They still give the bit of free information, don't they? Animal or—"

"Oh, that. Yes."

"Well," Cogbottle said, "I was thinking of the really elaborate heavy ones they used to work up sometimes, *animal with vegetable connections, but also abstract*, and so forth. I thought of a rather odd situation that might have arisen a few hundred thousand years ago."

He smiled to himself, and Upfoot looked suspicious.

"Think," said Cogbottle. "Think of a fossil."

Upfoot said at once "They've done that. They must have done it, it's obvious. Years ago probably."

"Not as many years as I mean," Cogbottle said. "I said a few hundred th—"

"Look," Upfoot interrupted patiently. "I know what you're feeling so clever about. You mean a fossil is mineral now but was once animal or vegetable. Well, I tell you that's such an obvious gag they *must* have done it some time. I never heard of it, but they *must* have."

"I, in my pernickety way," said Cogbottle, "am carrying the idea a stage further. Just suppose the fossil is a mixed one—a prehistoric shellfish, say, embedded in a bit of seaweed."

"They must have done that too."

"Maybe," Cogbottle said, waving a hand, "maybe. Now—exactly when did the constituents of that . . . object become fossils?"

Upfoot stared. "Are you suggesting something about different times? The seaweed petrifying first, the shellfish panting in its wake? Well, blow me," said Upfoot, "of all the—"

"I'm doing more than that," Cogbottle said, his eyes shining with gratification. "Now, reflect. You admit that a fossil is mineral now, and began by being something else?"

After reflection Upfoot uneasily admitted "Yes."

"Ages ago it was, say, animal, now it's—"

"Yes, I tell you."

"It was mineral last week too?"

"Of course."

"Last month?"

Upfoot let out a long breath, and said "What is this? Yes."

"Last year?"

Upfoot's wide-eyed stare gradually softened into a look of resignation. "Oh, I get it. You're trying to pin down the moment."

"The moment of petrifaction. Exactly." Cogbottle leaned back. "Well? There must have been one."

Upfoot unwillingly agreed "I suppose there must." After a pause he went on more cheerfully "But it must be a sort of imaginary moment, with only a mathematical existence, like that hypothetical moment of repose, or whatever it's called, when a ball's thrown straight up in the air."

"A very good comparison," said Cogbottle condescendingly. "One fraction of a second it's going up, the next it's coming down. One fraction of a second the thing is, well, organic, the next it's a fossil. Now the point is, the moment *between* those fractions."

"Doesn't exist," Upfoot very positively said.

"I don't see why not. Just one infinitesimal fraction of a second when the damn thing isn't *anything*, anything at all, like the microscopic instant when the ball isn't either going up or coming down. What does Gilbert Harding say then?"

"Abstract," Upfoot enunciated with triumph.

Cogbottle shook his head. "By

the time he's finished the word 'abstract' it's wrong, he has to say 'mineral'."

"Well, he'll have to begin earlier."

"In that case," said Cogbottle, "he'd have to begin by saying 'animal and vegetable' and correct it to 'abstract', and wind up with 'mineral'."

They were both silent, reflecting. At last Upfoot said "Assuming you'd been alive at the relevant time—"

"My dear chap, I am. Fossils are being made every day, somewhere out of sight."

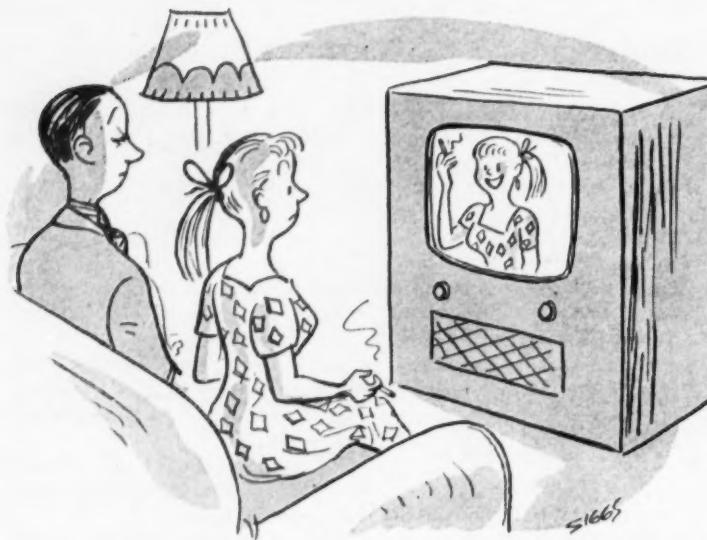
"You're going to send in the suggestion, then?"

"Good God, no," said Cogbottle. "The studio audience would think it was clever. They'd *clap* it."

2 2

"It is not a story of the Navy or of the sea, but of 'a vast racket which could only be perpetrated to-day when modern publicity methods provide immense opportunities for the commercialization of mass emotion.' A full-scale publicity campaign is being planned to launch the book, and posters, showcards and window strips will be . . ."—*The Bookseller*
True story, is it?





"You'd hardly want to be caught like this, for example."

"It's My Delight..." BY RONALD DUNCAN

NOWADAYS a farm manager has to be water-bailiff and gamekeeper too. Few of us can afford all three. This gives them a full-time job. Game's so scarce now our wild hares get pet names and pheasants are becoming as rare as white peacocks. It's not easy to preserve what's left. One feels as responsible as the curator of the Natural History Museum. There's little sport in that. The only pleasure to be had is the poacher's. His craft has become an art; one of reconnaissance. But for all their difficulties, poachers are always the happiest of men. I've been envious of them for years. I am no longer.

For I've a confession to make: I have taken to the vice of poaching my own preserves. It's the best sport I've ever had. And to add relish to it, I always alert my own bailiff before sneaking off in the dawn with a pocket full of snares. Perhaps a bus conductor's holiday is to sneak a ride without taking a ticket. Do shopwalkers have a secret desire to shoplift? I don't know. But yesterday I tripped one of my own cock pheasants, although my man was walking the hedge which surrounds the copse. To-day I did even better . . .

"Keep an eye on the stream this afternoon," I urged the bailiff. "We don't want the holiday-makers to lift our few salmon trout, do we?"

"No, sir. I'll keep a sharp lookout."

Then I walked across the yard to the paddock. If you want to enjoy catching a trout, first halter your horse. Then go to the other end of the animal and pluck out about a dozen long hairs from her tail when nobody's looking. Put these in your pocket, let the mare go and, whistling unconcernedly, saunter off down to the stream.

Nature favours poachers. All their tools seem to grow together. And the pliable withy or ash saplings by the bank are just the thing. Take a switch about four feet long. But first, plait the hairs from the horse's tail together. This is easily done if you tie one end to a stick. Then take these plaited hairs and make an ordinary hangman's noose. Tie it to the end of the switch.

This noose will be as pliable and as tough as wire, with the added advantage that it doesn't gleam in the water when you slip it beneath the dusty surface of the pool.

My fish yesterday lay with its

head upstream beneath the rheumatic-looking roots of an old oak. This was a hopeless site. My noose would only get entangled there. Lying full length on the bank, I dropped a small stone behind the fish. He shot into the centre, circled the deepest part then lay bellying the gravel on the other side of the pool. He was now out of reach. So I went down the stream and forded it where the branches gave me sufficient cover.

I expected to find the fish back among the roots. But he was there. Nothing can be so still. Now, lowering my noose gently down to within six inches in front of him, I leaned over and tickled the belly of the fish. Like a pewter arrow he darted forward; the noose tautened; one flick of the wrist and the fish flew out of the water on to the bank behind me. Both of us were equally surprised.

In other seasons I've stood and threshed this stream for hours, and have caught many a two-pounder with a happy cast. But no fish has given me such glee as this one I've poached from my own water, and which, wrapped in dock leaves, lies in my inside pocket as I return to the house.

My bailiff greets me, his face furrowed.

"It looks as if some devil poached South copse yesterday, sir."

"You don't say?"

"Yes, sir, I can see where they climbed through the hedge, and there's a tell-tale feather about too. If I may suggest it, sir, you should 'phone the police. They're getting too much of a good thing."

"A good idea. I'll 'phone the sergeant immediately."

I go indoors, take a second look at the trout, and 'phone the police station. With both the sergeant and my bailiff on the beat, it will double my sport.

"Café, Grocery and Provision. Well established. Early closing. Central. Turnover £22,000 per annum. Price £7,000, lock, stock and barrel (stock approx. £1,000)." —Advertisement in *South African paper*

Right. Let x be the stock . . .



Et Dona Ferentes

Mr. Attlee returned from his holiday in Yugoslavia with a one-stringed guitar, a flintlock pistol and an old Montenegrin costume, the gifts of his hosts.

O THE kindly Yugoslavians exactly found my measure
With the charming gifts with which they said good-bye.
I can strum a single strain upon my single-stringèd lyre,
And assume a martial aspect with my gun that doesn't fire,
While my simple peasant's pants will give the working classes pleasure
When my simple country nature they deservy;
And the only thought that irks me as I contemplate my treasure
Is the thought of *what they may be giving Nye.*

B. A. Y.



BOOKING OFFICE

English Letters To-day

The Modern Writer and His World.
G. S. Fraser. *Verschoyle*, 16/-.

IN *The Modern Writer and His World* Mr. G. S. Fraser has produced a remarkably able literary survey of the last fifty years. Perhaps it owes something to the fact that the book was written primarily for the Japanese, a fact that prevents anything from being taken for granted. In Japan this work has already gone into two English editions, and been translated into the language of the country. Some of it must have been stiff going for Nippon, especially the minor poets; but Mr. Fraser takes his reader firmly over jump after jump, until the end of the course is at last reached, perhaps rather breathlessly but in perfect mental safety.

The difficulty about a study of this kind is that so much of the material is controversial. The author is therefore faced with the twin dangers of either seeming to take the point of view of a clique, or, alternatively, showing a general tolerance of all schools that makes criticism all but meaningless. Mr. Fraser handles these difficulties with considerable adroitness. Presumably now in his early thirties, he is obviously—and rightly—a child of his age. He has that touch of seriousness—even primness—characteristic of the intelligent young men who came out of the Services with the determination to set the English literary world on its feet again as soon as possible. However, he redeems this gravity with humour, and hands out plenty of praise and blame, which gives colour to a narrative that rarely misses out those who might be supposed to deserve a mention.

The field is certainly a confused

one. The moment you try to trace a "modern" movement you find yourself harking back and back until you have reached someone like Petronius. Mr. Fraser points out, with a degree

of obscurity for the man in the street. This is a fact underlined again and again, for example, in that very brilliant book of the late Constant Lambert, *Music Ho!* (1934). In other words we have now continued for forty years at least to regard one particular approach as "modern." In this respect the highbrows are just as bad as the lowbrows, and to this day eminent critics will describe a book in the style of, say, James Joyce as "experimental," when writing in the style of Joyce is, by now, no more "experimental" than writing in the style of Dickens. The only thing that is "experimental" is true originality of approach.

In addition to this, the reader must be allowed to have preferences within the scope of the particular form of "modern" writing—perhaps feel enthusiasm for Mr. T. S. Eliot and distaste for Mr. Ezra Pound. Mr. Fraser (although he has a great weakness for Mr. Pound) is reasonable in matters of this kind. Often we may not agree with him, but we usually feel we should like to argue, always a good sign in a book of criticism. Personally, I think, for example, he exaggerates the importance of *Ulysses*—a book full of interest for the professional writer but not, in my opinion, one to be set beside such works as *War and Peace*, *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*, or, for that matter, *Adolphe*.

Mr. Fraser covers the ground with thoroughness. He does not flinch from such subjects as "The Irish Dramatic Revival" and "The New Cambridge Tradition." He indicates the influence of Kierkegaard's writings on the contemporary literary point of view. He does not perhaps sufficiently make clear the length of time that Surrealism took travelling from Paris to London. It seems strange that he should scold Mr. John Betjeman for "precise local allusions," while the group of



of truth, that some periods of history might be described as "modern," others not—a view already recorded, somewhat hysterically, by D. H. Lawrence. However, to avoid all hair-splitting, there is obviously something in writing, painting, sculpture and music, commonly referred to as "modern," which seems to create a barrier for a great many people in their enjoyment of the arts. Roughly speaking, we all know what is meant, in everyday conversation, by the epithet.

But even admitting this, one point should be made that cannot be emphasized too often. By 1913, writing, painting, sculpture and music had all of them, in "advanced" circles, reached their furthest limits

poets associated with the name of Mr. W. H. Auden are allowed their infinitely obscure private language. Of the older generation, he takes rather a conventional and uninspired view of Kipling, hardly indicating (whether you like him or not) that writer's extraordinary, almost Shakespearean, vitality. On the whole the chapter on criticism is probably the best, though Poetry is evidently the author's chief love. He is a shade less at home with the novel, over-rating, so it seems to me, H. G. Wells and Mr. E. M. Forster, and, later, not mentioning Mr. L. P. Hartley, Mr. Henry Green, or Mr. Patrick Hamilton. However, when the Japanese have satisfactorily absorbed this volume Mr. Fraser may take them—and us—a stage further.

ANTHONY POWELL

Spies and Traitors. Kurt Singer. *W. H. Allen, 12/6.* **Handbook for Spies.** Alexander Foote. *Museum Press, 10/6*

It may be doubted whether espionage, considered as an industry, has ever been in a more flourishing condition than it is to-day. Expenditure on it steadily mounts, and the numbers of those engaged correspondingly increases, as do books on the subject. Mr. Kurt Singer's *Spies and Traitors* is described as "an anthology of espionage and treason through the ages." It treads a well-worn track, from Rahab the Harlot to flying saucers, adding little, if anything, to what was previously known. The fact is that espionage, too, has suffered a managerial revolution, and Mr. Singer writes in the idiom of old-fashioned *laissez-faire*.

The same criticism does not at all apply to Mr. Foote's *Handbook for Spies*, an admirably matter-of-fact account of how the author was recruited into Soviet Intelligence, how he functioned in Switzerland as a Soviet agent during the 1939-45 war, and how, after the war, he went to Moscow to be trained for another mission to the Western Hemisphere. By this time he had had enough, and on his way to take up his new duties managed to slip away and get into touch with British Intelligence.

Handbook for Spies was first published in 1949, and, possibly because of the then prevailing political climate, received less attention than it deserved. Its re-publication now is most commendable. No student of contemporary affairs should neglect this sober, factual and, at the same time, diverting study of Soviet espionage from within.

M. M.

The Angry Admiral. Cyril Hughes Hartmann. *Heinemann, 18/-*

In this straightforward, detailed and efficient biography, Mr. Hartmann tells the story of choleric Admiral

Edward Vernon, who, in 1739, commanded the fleet at Porto Bello in the War of Jenkins' Ear. Vernon is chiefly known, rather unjustly, for his "grog" cloak and his order to water the rum ration in a tropical climate—the result being accordingly known as "grog." Smollett served at Porto Bello as a surgeon's mate, and, being of a different political party to his admiral, left an account of the battle, brilliant but unfriendly. Since Vernon's own contention was that the fortress could be taken easily, it is hard to object that its capture was indeed easy; for Vernon alone had previously pointed out this fact.

George Washington's home on the Potomac, Mount Vernon, is named after Admiral Vernon, with whom Washington's half-brother Lawrence had served; indeed, George himself nearly went to sea, but his mother judged it too hard a life for him.

A. P.

Journey Without Return. Raymond Maufrais. *William Kimber, 15/-*

This journal of a badly organized one-man expedition through French Guiana towards the mountains on the Brazilian border was found with some of the young explorer's abandoned gear. No other trace of him has been discovered, though his father has not given up hope, and royalties from the book will help to equip further relief expeditions. No day-to-day account of a personal struggle with the tropic bush can be uninteresting, though as exhaustion and hunger press down on the writer he has decreasing energy for description of anything outside his troubles.

Purely as a travel-book the humdrum writing keeps it in a low class. What gives it singularity is the character of the young Resistance hero—immature, boastful, hysterical. The headstrong enthusiast whose plight leads search parties into danger is no longer a heroic character. Great explorers need to combine passionate

calculation with ice-cold obstinacy. Maufrais neither added to knowledge nor proved his own superiority to circumstance. His fate was pitiful, not tragic.

R. G. G. P.

Which Doctor. Edward Candy. *Gollancz, 10/6*

The elaborately, allusively, not to say roguishly written murder story with epigraphs and quotations from Donne and other metaphysical poets, and with a central observing character of mildly comic appearance, kindly disposition and considerable academic standing—this is not so much an acquired as a temperamental taste. This one, which comes understandably with enthusiastic approval from Edmund Crispin, who does the same sort of thing himself, is one of the better examples: the proportion of genuinely witty writing to merely facetious putty is unusually high, and the medical and psychological details of the setting—a children's hospital in the Midlands—are interesting, convincing and well handled.

The dénouement takes some understanding; but a clear, ingenious and credible dénouement is only really important in the sort of pedestrian whodunit that has no appeal of any other kind.

R. M.

Vidocq: Picaroon of Crime. Philip John Stead. *Staples, 12/6*

Vidocq lived his career in the public eye and used every device of publicity including litigation and autobiography. He was a criminal who turned informer, became Head of the Sûreté and, when political intrigues expelled him from his post, set up as a private detective. His life covered an important phase in the taming of the police and the suppression of crime. Living equivocally, amid those shadows so characteristic of the later stages of the Romantic Movement, he was Balzac's model for Vautrin. He was too entertaining a character to become anything as dreary as a Modern Myth; but his life is waiting for a plunderer of genius.

Mr. Stead's account of his menacing career is based on some original research, though he does not give references for his manuscript evidence. It is lucid and workmanlike but it never rises to the possibilities of the subject and reads like Sunday newspaper articles in book form.

R. G. G. P.

AT THE PLAY
The Confidential Clerk
Hamlet
(EDINBURGH FESTIVAL)

ALTHOUGH most of the characters in *The Confidential Clerk* are prepared to enlarge on destiny, the only one who can possibly be suspected of being about to whip out a



Hollowood

"Disappointingly comprehensible,
didn't you think?"

pocket-flask and inaugurate a libation is a mysterious Mrs. Guzzard, of whom more later. This strange little comedy, Edinburgh's plum because it is by Mr. T. S. ELIOT, catches him in a rosier mood than when he wrote *The Cocktail Party*. The frustrated girl searching for the larger life now decides to marry a banker, in every way a more acceptable fate than being eaten alive by red ants, and the lover run over (*sic*) by a rhinoceros in Tanganyika was mercifully in the past.

For two of the characters, living in sober respectability, the past had been surprisingly lively. To Sir Claude Mulhamer, a successful financier, it has yielded an illegitimate daughter, Lucasta, and an illegitimate son, Colby, whom he has appointed his personal factotum with a view to making him his heir; and to his wife an illegitimate son, mislaid since infancy, owing chiefly to the precipitancy of the rhino. This Lady Elizabeth, given a crazy brilliance by Miss ISABEL JEANS, seems to have strayed from minor Wilde. She sees auras, and is so lately convalescent from a severe dose of the wisdom of the East that nobody takes her seriously when her intuition tells her that Colby is her own long lost.

The play finds its main mechanism in the rather tedious question of Colby's parenthood. In spite of endless discussion it appears insoluble, until Mr. ELIOT harvests a crop of coincidence that leaves Shakespeare and the melodramas of the nineties panting, by introducing Mrs. Guzzard. Speaking with a sage-like authority surely not often granted to amateur baby-farmers from Teddington, this redoubtable woman spills disillusionment right and left. Colby is her own son, palmed off on Sir Claude; and Lady Elizabeth's by-blow, also by a remarkable chance put under her protection, has become, by one even more remarkable, Sir Claude's young partner to whom Lucasta is engaged.

That the play is written in verse has yet to be proved by the printer, but what is interesting is that the stiff uncolloquial language in which the people of *The Cocktail Party* expressed their humblest thoughts has melted into an easier apostrophied English much more suitable to the theatre.

Mr. ELIOT might have put it to better use. Having skilfully built up in his first act a considerable atmosphere of suspense, he throws it away in the trivial business of the paternity-hunt and in slices of mild philosophy which appear in such a circle to have been dragged in. To say that man should follow his own bent, as Colby does in the end, is to over-simplify a recurring thesis; for this is complicated by the depressing notion that it is better to do something well which you don't like doing than to do something

*The Confidential Clerk**Lady Elizabeth Mulhamer—MISS ISABEL JEANS**Colby Simpkins—MR. DENHOLM ELLIOTT**Sir Claude Mulhamer—MR. PAUL ROGERS*

badly which you enjoy, and also by a kind of ancestor-worship which seems—if I take it right—to dictate that whether your father was a burglar or a Prime Minister you should follow, even if reluctantly, in his footsteps. Sir Claude, to whom form is ecstasy, had wished to be a potter, and has been solemnly atoning all his life for his early resistance to his financier father. Colby's case is easier. His ambition is to be an organist, however incompetent, and it turns out that Mr. Guzzard had been no mean performer on the parish harmonium.

Although uncertain in humour, Mr. ELIOT brings flashes of genuine wit to several lightly amusing scenes. Hand-polished by Mr. E. MARTIN BROWNE, and agreeably decorated by Mr. HUTCHINSON SCOTT, the play has been entrusted to an admirable company. Mr. DENHOLM ELLIOTT must have the first praise. He has embarrassing things to say, and says them with a wonderfully natural ease. Miss JEANS is a miracle of point and timing, and Miss MARGARET LEIGHTON a charming Lucasta. Miss ALISON LEGGATT's Mrs. Guzzard and Mr. PETER JONES's hearty young financier are both good. The least happy is Mr. PAUL ROGERS as Sir Claude, a part for which he lacks the age and solidity, and made more difficult by constant deference to the outgoing clerk, an ancient busybody affectionately drawn by Mr. ALAN WEBB.

Mr. ELIOT's Prufrock was overheard to remark: "No, I am not

Prince Hamlet, nor was ever meant to be." It would be harsh to apply this saying to Mr. RICHARD BURTON, but there would be some truth in it. His *Hamlet* gains by sincerity and intelligence, and by the curious serenity which distinguishes all his acting; but it remains short of the fire which might have made it more than a creditable miss. In spite of being well spoken it is vocally a dull *Hamlet*, lacking variety; and somehow, in contradiction of the sensitiveness evident in Mr. BURTON's face, there is not much depth of feeling.

Mr. MICHAEL BENTHALL's production is nothing special to write south about, but will be easier to judge when it goes to the Old Vic, where the discipline of a conventional stage should certainly improve it. For one quickly realizes that the great open stage in the Assembly Hall, which set off perfectly the calculated disorder of "The Thrie Estates," cannot deal with the subtleties of *Hamlet*. There are all kinds of difficulties. When the players are addressing the other half of the audience you can neither see nor, always, hear; to light them in the round means dazzling some of the lower seats; and the use by the company of all the house exits is constantly distracting, though occasionally, as in the hunt for the Prince, it gives an exciting impression that the whole theatre is the castle. Illusion flies, if you are on the end of a row, before the knowledge that a sudden attack of cramp could reduce the entry of Ophelia's cortège to farce.

The strong points in this production are Mr. MICHAEL HORDERN's Polonius, a striking study of the sunset of rare talents, Mr. WILLIAM SQUIRE's Horatio and Mr. ROBERT HARDY's Laertes. Gertrude and Ophelia are safe with Miss FAY COMPTON and Miss CLAIRE BLOOM. The weakest are the King, for whom Mr. LAURENCE HARDY is made up like the mate of a pantomime brig, and Mr. BERNARD HORSFALL's Ghost, who discovers his mortal voice only after a painfully pneumatic transition from psychic asthma.

Recommended

Carrington, V.C. (Westminster), for tense drama. *Guys and Dolls* (Coliseum), a musical treat for fans of Runyon. *As Long as They're Happy* (Garrick), for thoughtful farce.

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES



Roman Holiday

The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms

SUCH is the fresh charm of AUDREY HEPBURN in *Roman Holiday* (Director: WILLIAM WYLER) that it is hard not to decide that her

personality and ability are the film's most important qualities. This is not to ignore the fact that they are emphasized and presented to the best advantage by highly experienced and skilled film-makers who know exactly how to display freshness and charm, how to measure it out for maximum effect, and for that matter how to counterfeit it to the satisfaction of most audiences even when it isn't really there. Miss HEPBURN is good: she is not merely young and charming, that happens to all sorts of people—she can, at least within the limited range provided here, act.

That sort of statement is not commonly risked except about players who have shown some ability to give a truly ham performance, such as even the lowest mental age in the audience can recognize as acting: a scene (usually) of gibbering rage or screaming hysteria. All the girl has to do here is to represent that familiar character, the young princess who escapes from her conventional surroundings for a fling, a very mild fling, in the outside world where she has never been on her own before.

The last actress I saw do this was Olivia de Havilland in—I forgot the name of the film. She did it as well as the story allowed; it was, as far as I remember, a pretty ordinary box-office romance. This one is much slighter, altogether less obvious, and—except for those lowest mental ages—more effective, more satisfying.

GREGORY PECK is the American reporter who takes charge of the princess during her happy day in Rome, EDDIE ALBERT his obliging colleague with the camera. Both have an ulterior motive; but the reporter falls in love, and the photographer is won over, and in the end both are willing to abandon the chance of a five-grand exclusive. It says a lot for all concerned that this is made credible. The whole film is amusing, pleasant to look at and thoroughly attractive.

The latest bit of science fiction awakens (by means of an atom bomb exploded in the Arctic) a prehistoric monster called the Rhedosaurus which had been hibernating in ice for, if I heard correctly, a hundred million years. *The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms* (Director: EUGENE LOURIE), after one or two trial shots in the North Atlantic, naturally makes for Connecticut and New York, where it can do the most spectacular damage to localities which of all possible ones are the most familiar to the majority of the people expected to pay to see the film . . .

But as usual in this kind of nonsense, the best scenes are not those involving the monster itself (which seems rather jerkily animated, though I wouldn't venture to criticize the behaviour of anything roused from so

long a rest) but the small ones, the everyday dialogue exchanges only indirectly affected by the tremendous events. Similarly the most endearing character is CECIL KELLAWAY as "the foremost paleontologist in the world," who disappears from the picture before the sheer mechanics of it have got going. But the whole thing is well enough done in detail to be interesting and entertaining, not the mere bludging of the emotions that this sort of "X" picture might easily become.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

TV viewers have had a film first night this week: *World Without End*, made by PAUL ROTHÉ and BASIL WRIGHT, about Unesco's work in Mexico and Thailand. Full of fascinating stuff, which really demands a big screen.

In London, *Little Boy Lost* (26/8/53), *Always a Bride*, a cheerful comedy brightened by RONALD SQUIRE, and *The Beggar's Opera* (17/6/53) are in their last days. *Adorable Creatures* (10/6/53) and *Moulin Rouge* (25/3/53) continue.

Releases include *Malta Story* (8/7/53) and *Lili* (5/8/53), a pleasant sentimental fable about a waif and a French travelling carnival.

RICHARD MALLETT



AT THE BALLET

Ballet de Paris de Roland Petit (STOLL) *Sadler's Wells Ballet* (COVENT GARDEN)

IT is related of a very young lady of the ballet that on being offered a film engagement at treble her current salary she not only refused it instantaneously but also left no lingering doubt that she regarded it as an insult. Such jealousy for the purity of her art was particularly touching in one so young and unrenowned. Had she been present at the opening of the five-week season of *Ballets de Paris de Roland Petit* she would not have been shaken in her belief that Terpsichore is a conservative, not to say exacting, muse.

Four years ago Mr. PETIT and Miss RENÉE JEANMAIRE delighted London with their offering of wit and charm and brilliance in the dance. Mr. PETIT has returned with Miss COLETTE MARCHAND, promoted to the place of leading lady, and with a new and wider celebrity. On the cinema screen both he and his partner have acquired "fans" without number, and many of them were manifestly present to make the London ballet première an unmistakable success.

But not all present in the Stoll Theatre were of that mind. There was, for instance, the elderly *balletomane* who, turning to glare at my neighbour applauding rapturously at the end of the first item, did not wait for the rest of the programme and so saw only



[*Roman Holiday*]

Princess Ann—AUDREY HEPBURN

Ciné-bijou, a song and dance vaudeville act which satirized Hollywood gangster films but had little about it that was recognizable as ballet.

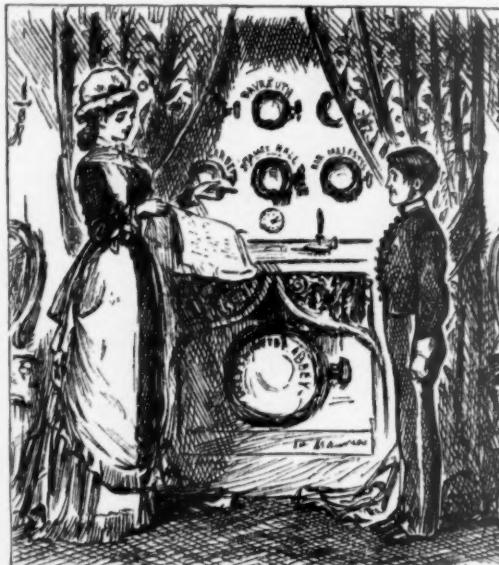
Tedious and tasteless though it was, it enabled Miss MARCHAND to display her charms and her acrobatic agility. It was idle to hope for a glimpse of her former quality, for it proved no evening for a *ballerina*; until, that is, in light romantic mood *Le Loup* brought us back to ballet proper and introduced a welcome note of distinction in the dancing of Miss VIOLETTE VERDY. In this ballet a young girl marries a wolf by mistake and cleaves to him as her true love. Miss VERDY's lyrical grace alone, and in *pas de deux* with Mr. PETIT, gained much from the lovely setting of leafy forest tracery by CARZOU.

Mr. ANTONI CLAVÉ's gay and evocative café terrace was the principal satisfaction of *Deuil en 24 Heures*, a sort of charade about a young wife's passion for widow's weeds and how it was gratified. It was all to the good that for once during the evening the controller of lighting desisted from amusing himself independently.

Meanwhile, in the Royal Opera House, the Sadler's Wells Ballet, at home before embarking on its third tour of North America, has done well to revive *Cinderella*, Mr. ASHTON's three-act ballet, for it gives grand opportunity to parade all the talents of this most talented company, with the Misses FONTEYN, ELVIN and NERINA appearing in turn as Cinderella, along with SQUIRES, SOMES, HART and RASSINE as their respective Princes.

C. B. MORTLOCK

Reproduced from *Punch Almanack, 1878*



Musical Mistress of House ("on hospitable thoughts intent"). "Now, RECOLLECT, ROBERT, AT TEN TURN ON 'VIOLET SAFETY' FROM COVENT GARDEN; AT TEN LET IN THE STRANGERS QUARTETTE FROM ST. JAMES'S HALL; AND AT ELEVEN TURN THE LAST QUARTETTE FROM 'ROSCOLETTO' FULL ON. BUT MIND YOU CLOSE ONE TAP BEFORE OPENING THE OTHER!" Bottoms. "Yes, MUM!"

ON THE AIR

Quatermass

A WORD or two, while nerve-endings are still a-quiver, about the television serial "The Quatermass Experiment." For six weeks this thriller has gripped Saturday night viewers, sending them to bed with ears cocked for the weird hum of spaceships and with eyes straining to detect incipient spores. And in an age that is so familiar with guided rockets and

atomic horrors this is no mean achievement.

The final episode (marred only by an unfortunate technical hitch) was great stuff: London and our world threatened by an abominable all-devouring "thing" imported from outer space, the military and the scientists making hopeless last-ditch efforts to destroy the hideous organism, panic in the metropolis, sinister writhings in Poets' Corner at Westminster Abbey. Then the grim news that the monster has crept into the crypt ... Ugh! "The Quatermass Experiment" was almost as exciting as Jules Verne or H. G. Wells at their best, and I have no doubt that the serial will now be telecast into a successful film.

Had this last episode been televised in New York the consequences might have been grave indeed, far worse, I suspect, than the aftermath of a notorious piece broadcast on "steam radio" by Orson Welles. Even here, in this calmest of cities, it was considered advisable, apparently, to emphasize the fictional nature of the drama by parading the characters alive and kicking at the end of the affair. And how superbly REGINALD TATE as Professor Bernard Quatermass paraded!

This was quite the best of TV's serial offerings so far, and may lead to a revival of this difficult and usually dubious form of entertainment. Good marks to all concerned, to NIGEL KNEALE who wrote the piece, RUDOLPH CARTIER who produced it, STEWART MARSHALL who devised the settings, and a convincing and enthusiastic cast.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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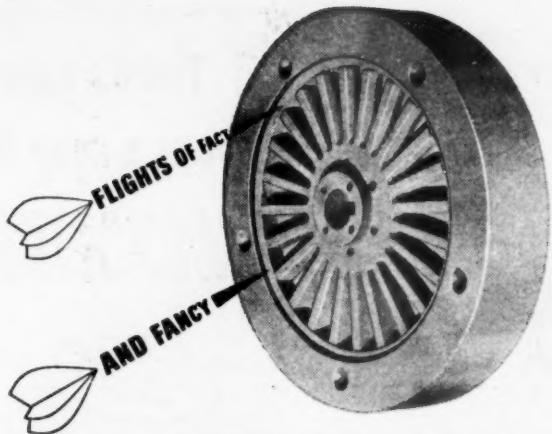
Silly question? Not at all. The schoolboy's "glass hole surrounded by a wall" is no longer good enough. A Williams and Williams metal window can be the entire wall. Or all four walls and the roof as well. In short, the definition of a window today is probably "an area of glass framed in metal by Williams and Williams."

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TUFNOL!**

You are welcome to apply for literature containing useful data, particular uses, and in fact everything known about Tufnol. But what may be more important to you is our enthusiasm to co-operate in any technical development incorporating its use in new ways. Why not outline your requirements in a letter—and send it TODAY.



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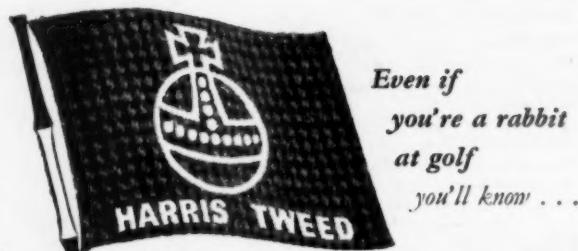


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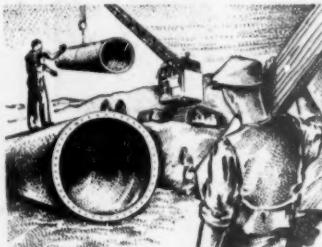
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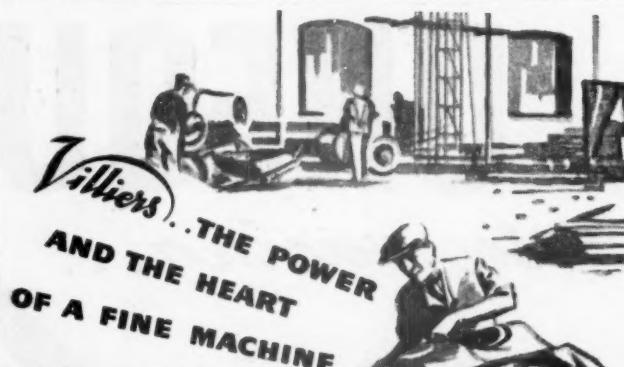
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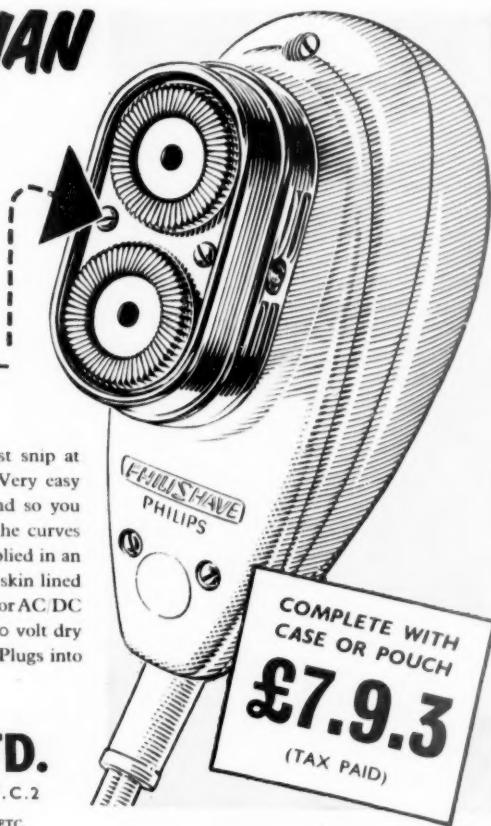
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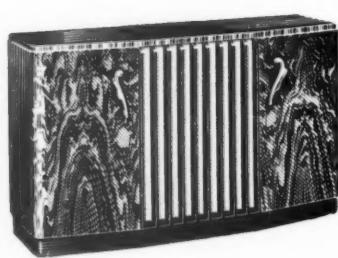
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